

COLLIER'S

For May 9, 1903

Containing the Story of the Mafia in America, and a
Double-Page Cartoon by Charles Dana Gibson



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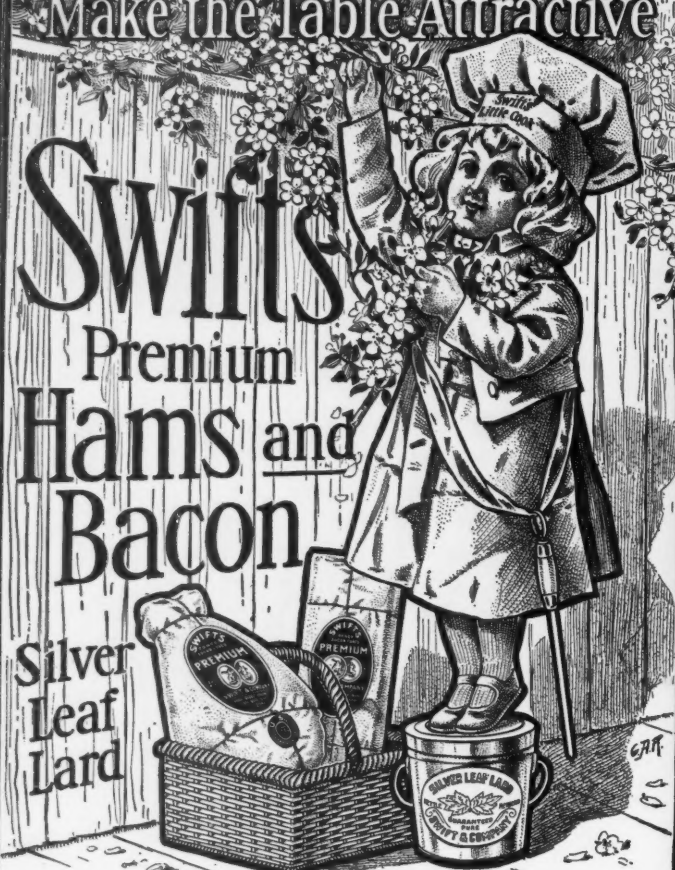
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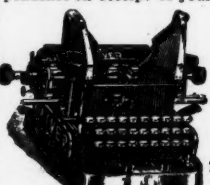
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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Two Notable Events

THE old saying that peace has its victories as well as war is well exemplified by the achievement of *Collier's Weekly* in having upon the scene of the two most picturesque and significant events of the year the two foremost American correspondents. These events were events of peace, but their importance is no less than if they had been of a more martial nature. The visit of King Edward of England to Pope Leo XIII., at Rome, and his visit to President Loubet, at Paris, were occasions that are unique in recent history. The visit to the Vatican was of course by far the more significant incident, and our readers shall have a story of it that will rank in excellence with the importance of the occasion. Our special correspondent, Mr. Frederick Palmer, was in Rome while the King was there, and was present at every ceremony to which it was possible for others than the great personages themselves to be admitted. Mr. Palmer went to Rome fortified with exceptional credentials, which made it possible for him to obtain information and enjoy opportunities for observation which no other correspondent could obtain. His report of the visit of the King to the Pope will therefore be a most interesting article. It will be illustrated with photographs, and, unless there is some unforeseen delay in the mails, it should appear in our issue of May 23. The story of King Edward's visit to Paris will be written by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, as has already been announced in these columns. Mr. Davis went to Paris on behalf of *Collier's Weekly* to witness and describe the ceremonies and fetes that the French so well know how to prepare and carry out. His account of the royal reception should reach us in plenty of time to be published in the June Household Number, issued May 30. The story will be fully and elaborately illustrated with photographs taken especially for *Collier's* by our special correspondent in Paris, Mr. V. Gribayedoff.



Frederick Palmer



R. H. Davis

The Outdoor Number

ONE of the leading features of next week's *Collier's*,—which is to be devoted to the joys of outdoor life and to themes of springtime,—will be an article by Mr. Walter Camp, a glance at the sports of the coming season. A few other papers of interest to be included in the number are "The Fascination of the Fan," by Broughton Brandenburg (which is not at all what it might appear at first sight, but is a tale of the great game of baseball, or, as the author describes it, "the psychology of the spirit of the bleachers"); "A Tenderfoot Fisherman in Montana," by Dan Beard, with illustrations by the author; "The Excursion," by Dorothy Canfield (being hints on inexpensive journeys to Europe); "The Art of Fly Casting," with many photographs; "Sport With Trout and Bass," by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.; "Little Things a Camper Should Know," by W. B. Thornton; and other articles of varied interest. The illustrations will be in keeping with the variety of the text. The short story will be one of outdoor adventure and is called "The Little God and the Machine," by Eleanor Hoyt, with illustrations by W. Granville Smith. The news of the Balkans, where there has been some fighting between the Albanians and the Turks, will be pictured, and many other events of the day will be reflected in "The Focus of the Time."

The Lion's Mouth questions will be found on page 17 of this issue.



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IN JUDEA, TWENTY CENTURIES AGO, men got rich in one general way only, and that was by fraud and oppression. Hence, naturally, the belief that it was as difficult for a wealthy man to be good as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Hence also the absolute connection between poverty and godliness. Spiritual principles remain, but their applications change. Oppression, fraud and uncharitableness are still sins, but they are not to-day universal among the rich, nor are the poor superior in general moral feeling to the wealthy. Natural and useful occupation did not bring riches in the years when fishermen gave eternal form to moral truths in Galilee. To-day a good and helpful citizen naturally possesses and uses a certain amount of property, and nobody chooses the pauper as an ideal. After Mr. Pierpont Morgan had boarded the *Cedric*, via the second cabin gangplank, he was subjected to an old-time tirade on wealth. An old man, with white hair, pointed his finger at the financier and cried out: "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments moth-eaten." Mr. Carnegie was on the ship and was doubtless included in the diatribe. Such a whole-souled condemnation of a man, merely because he is rich, apart from any use he makes

MONEY AND DEPRAVITY

of wealth, carries us back to the early days of history, when wealth itself meant depravity. Our circumstances make it right for us to judge money more discriminatingly. We need to know not only whether a man has money, but how he got it and what he does with it. If he obtained it by fraud, political bribery, or grinding hope and life out of his fellow beings, no gifts to charity or education will make him other than a bad man. If, on the other hand, his money has been and remains the means of honorable and humane employment, he is doing good, even if he does not indulge in gifts. He may add to his merit by gifts for good purposes, but far more important is the regular use he makes of his property. It is a little thing to give away three million a year if your income is six million. It is a great thing so to use fifty million, or fifty thousand, as never to wrong or to debauch a workman, a customer or a legislator. The possession of money in these days is one of the highest privileges. Once it allowed the owner to be charitable. Now charity is the least noble among the opportunities which it gives him. It gives him the opportunity to be just. It enables him to keep hundreds of his fellow beings happily and usefully employed, and to treat these employees not as if they were either machines or inferiors and charity seekers, but as if they were men like himself, with lives as important, with ambitions equally reasonable:

COUNTERFEITING, BLACKMAILING, murder and disease have been calling the attention of immigration authorities to the quality of citizen that is now being presented to us by Southern and Eastern Europe. Thirty thousand a month is now the rate at which we are filling our country with South Italians; with the people who are a drag on Italy herself. Northern and Central Italy is ambitious and enlightened, progressive intellectually and industrially; and the greatest obstacle which the kingdom finds to taking a higher place in civilization is the south end of the peninsula, which seems to be hopelessly lawless, superstitious, dishonest, and lazy. This abscess is what we are kindly undertaking to assimilate. All over Italy lectures are now given, explaining to the people the advantages and methods of emigration; a very wise move for Italy, but one not so charming for us. The Italians in our cities, most of whom come

AN ITALIAN DELUGE

from Naples and Sicily, are the most dangerous large class of citizens. The Italian immigrants are now a third of the whole. Many of them are brought over for definite work, in spite of the law against importation under contract to labor. Austria-Hungary, which comes second in volume, is thinking of trying to keep its citizens at home. Russia and Finland are third, with three times as many as come from any more desirable nation. We were glad to have our country filled up by Irish and Germans, but we have ruthlessly excluded the Chinese, and we regret the inevitable presence of the negroes. How long shall we submit to an influx that will probably approach a million this year and surpass it next, when most of that million is of a quality which promises us no help and threatens degradation? As the laws now stand it is difficult to send back one immigrant out of two thousand; and, besides, deportation is a cruel method, to be used only in extremity. What we need is new legislation, and Congress will do well to give the danger serious attention.

IMPROVEMENTS ARE BEING ADDED to automobiles at such a rate that we may soon possess a machine which will not only pick its way, at a hundred miles an hour, through business thoroughfares, but will be able, when in a mood of gayety or adventure, to run up the steps of a house or climb a tree in search of any cautious quarry who might not be otherwise bisected. The dangers of automobiling have a peculiar fascination. In hunting, a man has only the oppor-

tunity to injure himself, a horse, sometimes a hound, and occasionally some half-wild animal. In football he can break his own collar-bone or the nose of his opponent. In baseball he may reach as far as the umpire. Nothing but automobiling requires the more complicated courage, not only to risk one's own safety, but to add a much greater risk for others. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons are mere brutes, for their motions are calculable and commonplace. They stand in a little ring and skilfully indent each other's person. They can never know the higher joy of the automobilist, who takes all noble risks and avoids all vulgar ones. He has the satisfaction of showing people his contempt for law. As he is rich, he pays his trivial fines with a grin, and proceeds as before. Then there is nothing more profoundly interesting than the uncertainty he has about the lives of so many fellow-creatures. Nobody could well be bored when he was likely to see a horse's leg shattered by his huge engine, or a little child lying mangled in his wake; or perhaps even catch a glimpse of the mother's grief as he sped safely on his way. The French nobles, before the Revolution, used to enjoy merely driving over common people in the street at any ordinary gait. The pleasures of the rich have become faster and more complicated since those simple days.

AUTOMOBILES

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA was it more difficult to explain what our two parties stand for than it is to-day. Up to the last few years one distinct line of division has continued, whatever the temporary issues. The party of Hamilton and the party of Jefferson have been separate forces, each working for a different and necessary principle. On the one hand, we had the interests of order and unity; on the other, those of individuality and the private man. After the war the Republican party continued to be on the whole the friend of authority and of property. The Democratic party continued to stand more for that doctrine of non-interference of which Jefferson is the leading exponent. Now, however, in the only two live problems before us, it is impossible to apply these fundamental principles. The people are not enough interested in the tariff to debate it very keenly, except as it bears on the living issue of the trusts. Imperialism as a battleground no longer exists. We are left, then, with two things which strongly affect our welfare and our emotions. One is the overgrown power of capital. But who has taken the first efficient step to curb this power? The President of the Republican party, of the party which normally represents the interests of property. Who is the most respected leader of the Democracy to-day? The man, to be sure, whom many of the ablest and most honorable financiers hope to make President once more. The leaders of finance, independent of party, are against Mr. Roosevelt, and they are for Mr. Cleveland. This situation does not mean that the Republican party stands now for what Jefferson believed, or the Cleveland Democrats for what Hamilton believed. Far from it. What it does mean is that the old party names give us little light to-day. We must face the actual problems themselves, looking intently at the facts. The changes that need to be made in the currency and banking systems, in order to give free play to national prosperity, are not party questions. Free silver is dead, but a true financial problem is very much alive. The best business men of all shades of political faith are now at work trying to end the absurd situation by which a mere defect in machinery can limit our industrial well-being. On the other and more popular problem, the trusts, the opinions of men are now almost equally independent of party. Upon every one of us is now imposed the necessity of thinking for himself.

PARTY LINES

THERE IS AN ABSOLUTE DISTINCTION between social and political Democracy, and it is a good distinction to bear in mind. The father of the Democratic party was an aristocrat by birth and an aristocrat in his associations. He was a Democrat only in his political convictions. The greatest President we have had since Washington was entirely opposed to the political doctrines of Jefferson, but he was infinitely more democratic in his own nature. Lincoln was the first great Democratic President in one sense, as Jefferson was in the other. Lincoln's Democracy was like that of Walt Whitman. He had a feeling of the brotherhood of man that Jefferson, with all his principles, did not share. A man was a man to Lincoln, not only as a theorem and a matter of right, but as a truth of his own nature. He liked every kind of man, and was interested in every kind. He was at home and familiar with a polished New England scholar, a slangy Western politician, a fiery Southern officer, a poor old woman, a private soldier, a foreign diplomat, a cheap Rabelais of the smoking-room. Nothing that was human was foreign to him. Politically, however, he was no Democrat, but a lineal descendant of Hamilton, Marshall and Webster. To-day it is important to keep these two things apart. Personal democracy has nothing to do with the questions on which we vote. We vote on measures, with far-reaching con-

TWO KINDS OF DEMOCRACY



sequences, not on the individual social habits of men. It is the business of the demagogue, or even of the popular politician, often to confuse these things. There is really just one point at which the Democratic ideal is pertinent to-day, and, as we have said, party lines do not aid us. Non-interference is the Democratic principle in politics. "Do not, therefore," says one man, who thinks he is a Democrat, "interfere with trusts. They are a natural development. Do not be paternal. Let a man get as rich as he can." "No," says another, equally Democratic, "we established a government with a Constitution to check it, and State rights and many devices to keep the individual man from being swallowed by any great central powers. We must protect the individual human soul. We must not become a machine, but remain a free people, industrially as well as politically, and we will have laws to carry out this object of our Constitution." The Supreme Court of the United States, between now and next November, will be thinking how to be fair to both of these Democrats.

INTELLIGENT BUSINESS MEN have argued that it is absurd to charge a corporation with restraining trade when it actually increases the volume of trade and seems likely to continue to do so. Although leading financiers have made this argument, it rests on a failure to comprehend the meaning of a principle which is imbedded in our law and in our history. Restraint is a different thing from diminution. Even if one railroad combination, controlling the whole country, kept down rates and added to the volume of business, one evil would remain. When the colonists of America took up arms against Great Britain, it was not merely to defend their pockets. They rebelled less against the cost of stamps than against an interference with their liberty. It is a mistake to look at the objection to monopoly as if it concerned only dollars and cents. It is possible to pay too much for a decrease in price or an increase in production or in wages. Commerce now dominates the world, and one of our tasks is to keep any of its leaders from becoming absolute. Why

RESTRAINT
OF LIBERTY

do we not wish a despot to rule over us? The chance that he would make bad laws or do evil deeds is not the only reason. However considerate he were of individual and public welfare his very existence would be an end to freedom. The conception of liberty which caused the Revolution is a boon for which we pay the eternal price of vigilance. Our Supreme Court has a record of the highest honor. Through the perils of more than a century it has protected the right and freedom declared by our Constitution or inherited from the common law. We have kept, thanks to the courts, the legislatures and the people, a steady progress, guided by our ideal of a free democracy. We have avoided anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other. The warning which has now been given to combined capital is a moderate step in our vigilant defence of liberty. Kings used to feel that all who objected to the place which the rulers had conquered for themselves were guilty of sacrilege. Mr. Baer finds an equal sacrilege in any question addressed to the majesty and divine freedom of accumulated money. Socialism, at one extreme, and despotic wealth, at the other, tend to crush the freedom of the individual; and the path of hope lies between these two evils.

ALTHOUGH POSTMASTER-GENERAL PAYNE'S distinction between smuggling for profit and smuggling for economy has been received with jeers, it represents a principle on which thousands of Americans act. Perhaps fifty per cent of the first-class passengers returning from Europe not only pack their trunks with the studied intention of defrauding the Government, but, under the present regulations, are compelled to commit deliberate perjury in order to accomplish their small "economy." They tell each other all sorts of lies to mollify their consciences, such as, for example, that the customs officers object to having small objects declared; which would be irrelevant even if it were not false. Probably nobody supposes that the opinion of the hireling on the dock changes the moral law, and as a

PRIVATE
SMUGGLING

matter of fact that hireling, since petty bribery became dangerous, usually much prefers to have the dutiable articles declared and carefully arranged for his easy inspection. Another feeble excuse for smuggling and perjury is that "everybody does it"; a principle which could be applied in many regions of our cities to petty larceny. An amusing feature of the comedy is that much of the smuggling is done by devotees of protection. Are we, as a nation, less honorable in regard to money than the leading countries of Europe? It is a charge that is frequently made against us. Certainly, regulations which are generally disobeyed, and which accustom thousands of people every year to committing perjury, can hardly increase our moral welfare. The general policy of protection is not involved. It is in no way affected by minor details about the amount of foreign purchases to be taken in free by private travellers. The oppressive regulations are demanded mainly by a few over-zealous dry-goods merchants in New York. These regulations should be

altered, not only because they are vexatious and unpopular, but because they are a degrading school of perjury. The Treasury is rich enough to sacrifice a few dollars here or there when they interfere with the moral welfare of the country.

WE HAVE ALREADY INDICATED that Mr. Cleveland's tactful and successful speech on the race problem was taken, like most other wise contributions on the subject, from the books and speeches of Booker Washington. Even the happy and much praised distinction between prejudice and race feeling is a natural reminder of exactly the same collocation of words in the first chapter of "Up from Slavery." Of course we have no desire to accuse of plagiarism, but rather to praise for usefulness, anybody who goes to Mr. Washington's books for guidance in this dark and complex difficulty. Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$600,000 to Tuskegee Institute is said to have expressed an interest which began with the reading of "Up from Slavery." The money was well spent, whatever may be thought of the literary effort about Moses and George and Booker Washington which accompanied it. We could wish that every person in the United States whose vote or acts or words are to have any bearing upon the Southern question might be presented with a complete set of Mr. Washington's works. They are far more interesting than novels and far more instructive than economics. Anybody who can begin "Up from Slavery" and lay it down unfinished must be surprisingly dead to the real in literature. It stirs the emotions, it broadens the sympathies, it clarifies the mind, and it is only the first in a series of books which are among the few that are needed by every reader who cares to be a diligent American citizen. Humane interest without sentimentality or temper is the spirit in which this hard and unfortunate situation in the South should be approached, and readers of Booker Washington will find humanity guided by exact knowledge, and earnestness tempered by a sympathy fairly distributed among whites and blacks. No college president in the country has given us as necessary, sound, and distinguished thought as the President of Tuskegee Institute. Mr. Washington's father was probably a white man and his abilities and moral traits therefore throw no strong light upon the capacity of the black race; but the vague future possibilities of the negro have little to do with our actual question. If we educate them to be industrious citizens, with practical knowledge and some property, we shall have done the best thing for both races, and we need not harass ourselves with guesses about what may be or what might have been.

A PROFOUND
TEACHER

IF THE IRISH PROBLEM IS SOLVED it will remove finally one of the causes which kept up the long hostility between England and America, which is now giving place to cordiality. Does the day not seem remote, when to Lowell British interest in America was like an entomologist's observation of a strange bug? Hawthorne, in English company, felt on exhibition, like a hippopotamus. Stevenson saw the Briton unbending to the American as to a performing dog. Emerson, visiting England, found the inhabitants deeming all outside their island but a heap of rubbish. It requires almost a historical imagination to see our amiable Hawthorne dreading an English victory at Sebastopol, since he shrank from British insolence, and thought hostile feeling toward America as essential a tonic to the English as their bitter ale. Washington Irving said he would trust implicitly an Englishman's description of unknown islands in the Yellow Sea, but he would receive with caution his account of nations nearer home, which included the United States. "England," says Fenimore Cooper, "a country that I could fain like, but whose prejudices and national antipathies throw a chill over all my affections." The Americans were distrustful; the British were contemptuous. The condescending and superior Briton of whom we read, we of the present generation seldom see. He is not extinct, nor is he fabulous, but he is no longer the spokesman of his country. Our conditions have changed also, which partly accounts for the disappearance of the hostile view. Dickens was a great observer and it was part of his honesty to scoff at the Declaration of Independence read in the country of the slave. It was with justifiable humor that Tom Moore pictured Thomas Jefferson dreaming of freedom in his bondmaid's arms. When we atoned for slavery in four years of blood, England's spirit became more generous. Lesser facts have also changed. Formerly English travellers saw the land of freedom as one broad spittoon; to-day tobacco-juice no longer rules supreme. Trade was another barrier. Leigh Hunt said that when he thought of America he imagined one huge counter stretched along the coast. To-day nobody laughs at commerce. It is the guiding fact in the present course of history. Among the minor changes is our improvement in manners. The American, happily still boastful of his country, is less obstreperous in bounding Columbia on the east by the primeval chaos and on the west by the Day of Judgment. The coming together of England and America is due to an increase of wisdom and understanding on both sides.

ANGLO-AMERICAN
CHANGES



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

THE ETERNAL DREYFUS CASE has forged to the front once more. On April 21 the former French military captain petitioned the Minister of War to grant him another trial, though this spectre of the army, according to the "Figaro," is now under private inquiry. Up to the time of his last awakening, Dreyfus has been living quietly in Paris. The points on which he



Capt. Dreyfus and his Family

relies for a reopening of the case are improper influence on the Rennes court by the introduction of the annotated document ascribed to Emperor William, the false testimony of Cernuschi, one of the witnesses, and new evidence, not specified. Dreyfus's letter is couched in the most dramatic style. He calls attention to his "horrible suffering and cruel agony in a murderous climate" and says "falsehood and deception have stabbed me in the back." The revival of this celebrated case recalls the great "beat" of the "Figaro," which in some manner unknown secured and published the testimony taken on the Dreyfus trial by the criminal branch of the Court of Cassation—a prize coveted by every journalist in Paris.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, on April 22, celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of his marriage by presenting \$600,000 in five per cent United States steel bonds to Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute for colored people, and by a donation of \$1,500,000 to furnish the Hague Court of Arbitration with a suitable "Palace of Peace" and a library. The Hague offer was made to Baron Gevers, Minister from the Netherlands, and provides only that the Government shall supervise the disposition of the money. The gift to the Alabama school is in the nature of an endowment fund, and provides for a life income to Booker Washington and his wife. For five years past Mr. Carnegie has been sending annually \$10,000 to the institute. The first gift of the ironmaster was a \$20,000 library, about four years ago. The Carnegie bequest will add \$30,000 a year to the school fund, yet even with the present endowment of \$110,000 and the added interest on \$600,000 there are still \$1,000,000 necessary before the school's income will meet the current expenses. Our readers may remember a suggestion made in these columns some time ago, that the present status of Tuskegee offered a fine opportunity to a philanthropist who wished to go down through history in company with the "Moses of his People," whose inspiration and works promise to solve a problem old as the hills.

THE POST-OFFICE SCANDAL has caused a tremendous sensation not only because of the exalted station of the accused officials, but because the Department, like the King, is traditionally exempt from wrongdoing. Official safe looting at Washington is the latest development. It appears that James N. Tyner, who held the office of Assistant Attorney-General, was permitted to resign last March, to take effect May 1, on condition that he "stay away" from the Department.



James N. Tyner

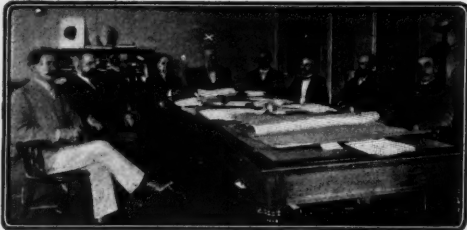
Tyner was lying ill at his home, Mrs. Tyner, wife of the Assistant Attorney-General (accompanied by a locksmith and the mother of former Assistant Attorney-General Harrison J. Barrett, who is a nephew of General Tyner), went to the office of her husband, April 21, and without molestation by the clerks rifled the official safe. The Tyners claimed that only private papers were extracted and subsequently submitted to Postmaster-General Payne a bundle of documents quite innocuous in character. Irregularities in the Assistant Attorney-General's office came to light last March in connection with certain Western Turf Bureaus. Mr. Barrett, since leaving office, is said to have acted in an advisory capacity to several speculative concerns, some of which were under the ban of the postal authorities. The office of A. W. Machen, Superintendent of the Free Delivery Division, is under investigation, and numerous other employees are quaking in their shoes as the result of the detective labors of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, the Postmaster-General's official sleuth, who is determined to get to the bottom of the crookedness, if it involves the entire Department.

A WAR CLOUD is hovering over the East. The Russian bear, having fastened his claws on Manchuria, apparently does not mean to let go his grip. The Manchurian convention, which was agreed to after the temporary suppression of the Yellow Danger in

China, contemplated that Russia should evacuate the peninsula in April, 1903, leaving free Niu Chwang and the northern provinces, and that the policy of the "open door" should go into effect and treaty ports, including Niu Chwang, be established. On April 23, the Russian Government presented to China conditions of evacuation which practically call for the ceding of Manchuria. Russia demands that there shall be no new treaty ports or foreign consulates in Manchuria, that Russia shall appoint administrative officials, collect customs revenues, have the use of Chinese telegraph facilities and control the sanitary regulations of the port of Niu Chwang. Japan promptly sent warships to Niu Chwang, and the United States requested an explanation from St. Petersburg. Russia entered Manchuria during the Boxer trouble in 1900, claiming that the Chinese had crossed the border into Siberia. Japan and Great Britain, by treaty in 1902, bound themselves to oppose any seizure of territory in China or Korea. China sends millions of pounds of tea into Russia every year, but the bulk of her foreign trade is with Germany and Great Britain. Russia needs open winter ports and an outlet in Manchuria for her grain and immense mineral products in Siberia, which hold out potentialities beyond the dreams of man. Since the construction of the great Siberian railroad, Manchuria has been practically in the hands of Russia, and she is not apt to give it up without a struggle. The contention grows out of these fundamental conditions. China has refused to grant Russia's demands.

THE CANAL COMMISSION, under the chairmanship of Admiral Walker, has been for some weeks investigating the status of the Panama Canal, despite the hitch in Colombia's ratification. The termination of this month will see the labors of the commission practically completed. The members have inspected the route, wharfs, standing machinery, conditions of climate and necessary sanitary arrangements to make it

Photograph by Chlodinet



The Panama Canal Commission, Admiral Walker, Chairman (x)

possible for Americans to work on the great waterway without committing suicide—the fate of laborers of the French company, when hari-kari was a frequent occurrence. The Colombians have not been allowed by the obstructionists to forget the British occupation of Egypt, which ensued from the construction of the Suez Canal, and the analogy is not thrown away on the minds of the people. In view of the opposition, President Marroquin will probably not call a special session of the Colombian Congress, so that the treaty will hardly be considered before the next regular session in July. The President says it will be hazardous to reassemble the Colombian members "till the precise psychological moment arrives for favorable action." It has been suggested that as the country is de facto under military law the President may ratify, with the consent of his Ministers, ignoring Congress.

NEW WARSHIPS are being turned out at the rate of about one a week—which should be an object lesson to our friend the Czar. The latest addition to our navy is the *Colorado*, the first cruiser to receive the name of a State, hitherto the privilege of battleships alone. The *Colorado* was launched at the Cramps' yard at Philadelphia in the presence of many United States officials and diplomats from Washington, and the entire Colorado Congressional delegation. Miss Cora May Peabody, daughter of the Governor of Colorado, broke the customary bottle against the prow of the new sea fighter as she slipped into the Delaware



Miss Cora Peabody (x) at the Launching of the U.S.S. "Colorado"

River. The *Colorado* is the first of a new type of armored cruiser of the finest class. Coupled with the power of a battleship she has the heels of an ocean liner, and is one of the fastest ships of the new navy. Her contract price is \$3,780,000.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION are disrupting several legislatures, but the scandals in Missouri come in for more than an ordinary share of public attention. Excise bills, road bills, slot machines, race track and insurance bills have been "worked" by the placing of the Almighty Dollar in the right place at the right time, and two grand juries, one sitting at St. Louis and the other at Jefferson City, the capital, are



Lieut.-Gov. Lee of Missouri

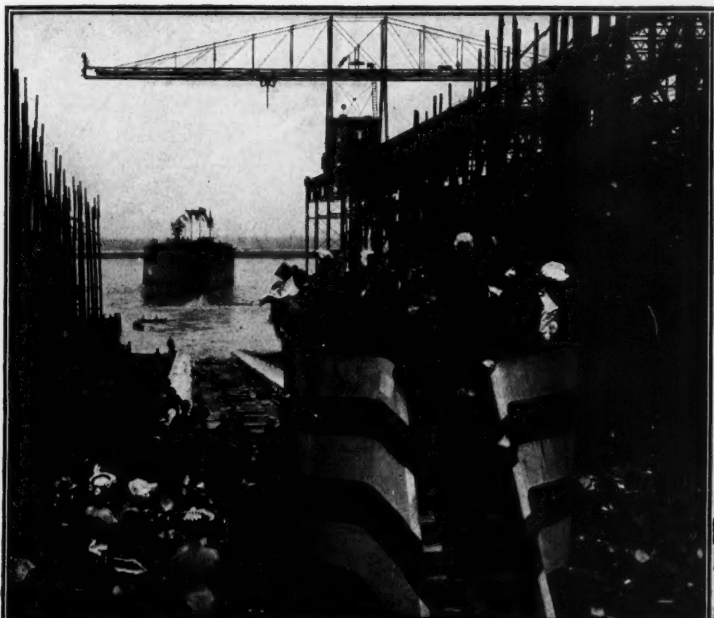
beckoning to the iniquitous, to come in and take their medicine. Lieutenant-Governor Lee last month made a statement under oath detailing the history of the notorious alum legislation. After the exposé the Lieutenant-Governor left the State. The alum bill, so-called, was a measure prohibiting the use of poisonous ingredients in the manufacture of food products. The list includes alum as used in the manufacture of baking powder. This practically legislated baking-powder manufacturers of the State out of business, as they were unable to compete with the trusts, which control 95 per cent of the cream of tartar in the United States, so that the independent concerns could not manufacture that kind of powder. On April 24 the Lieutenant-Governor returned to St. Louis from Chicago and appeared before the Grand Jury. It appears from the reports that the boodle money apportionment was made at the Laclede Hotel, where statesmen who "voted right" received from \$500 to \$2,500 each, each according to his market value. Circuit Attorney Folk has been warned that his life is in danger. He is in a position to get to the bottom of every boodling deal put through in the State in the last two or three years. Lieutenant-Governor Lee has resigned his office.

ENGLAND HAS HAD HARD LUCK in Africa, from Egypt to the Transvaal. What with fanatics who achieve Heaven through a violent death and Fuzzy-Wuzzies who are disinclined to shoot up their blood relations, the Mad Mullah has proved a formidable and relentless foe. The latest disaster comes from Somaliland, which the British have for a long time been trying to pacify. The Mad Mullah's mission in life is to preach the Gospel according to his lights and to cut up, destroy and annihilate British and Egyptian troops sent to remonstrate with him. On April 18 he caught Major Plunkett, with a command of two hundred Sikhs and African rifles, at Gumburru, which is somewhere in the centre of Somaliland. Nine British officers and nearly the entire force of native troops were killed. "Ran out of ammunition and fought with the bayonet until overwhelmed," reads the despatch. Hadji Mohammed Abdullah, the Mad Mullah, only achieved political prominence a few years ago. After a pilgrimage to Mecca (which may or may not have consisted of a trip to Feringhi rifle manufacturing factories) he returned to the desert to revive the religious spirit of the tribesmen and back up his new creed with Martinis and patent ammunition, which he had in great plenty. A bold man and a prophet (who possessed rifles), the fame of the Mad Mullah extended into Abyssinia; the tribes to the number of 80,000 insane men gathered to his standard, and in 1899 with an army at his heels he "declared war" on the British invader. Then began the Somaliland campaign.



Major Plunkett

WHILE SOME LAWMAKERS were boodling others reverted to first principles of war club and assegai to secure the adoption of legislative measures. Life is real and earnest in the Illinois Legislature, the latest "deliberative" body to take the warpath. At Springfield, on April 23, the House of Representatives resembled a skirmish of the Mad Mullah. The street railway-municipal ownership law, which formed the plank of the Chicago Mayoralty election, came up on the 23d; Speaker Miller refused a roll-call, and despite the presence of many women in the House, a battle royal ensued. A member started to annihilate the Speaker, but was intercepted en route, and temporarily engaged in the argument of a side issue, while the Speaker declared the House adjourned and made his escape in the mêlée. The other House officials also had important business elsewhere. Ninety-seven members, or two-thirds of the whole, remained and elected Charles Allen Speaker pro tempore. The insurrectionists then proceeded to untie all the knotty traction questions by declaring void all action that had been taken, and arranging measures to suit themselves. Czar rule apparently does not go in Illinois.



The Launching of the U.S.S. "Colorado" at Cramps' Shipyard, Philadelphia, April 25



Tearing up Paris—the Place de l'Opera—for the New Underground Railway



Miss Roosevelt Awarding Prizes at the Asheville, N. C., Horse Show



Masonic Ceremonies at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the New Gate at the Northern Entrance to the Yellowstone Park, April 24



Count Von Buelow, Imperial Chancellor of the German Empire, at Capri



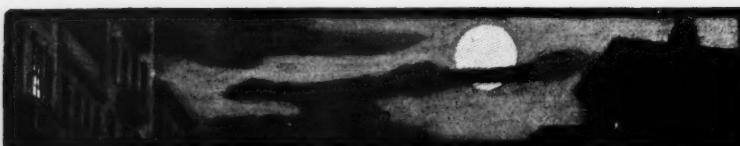
THE ACCIDENT TO "SHAMROCK III." WHILE TRYING HER SAILS OFF WEYMOUTH, APRIL 17

Sir Thomas Lipton

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME



Butcher Shop at 16 Stanton Street, New York, where Benedetto Madonia, the latest victim of the Mafia, is supposed to have been murdered



Shop kept by an Italian at 12 Prince Street, New York, which is believed by the Police to be the principal headquarters of the Mafia Society

The Mafia in America

THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET ORGANIZATION THAT, FROM ITS HOME IN SICILY, HAS SPREAD ITS EVIL INFLUENCE AMONG ITALIANS IN ALL PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY—AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN AND A DESCRIPTION OF ITS METHODS, WITH STORIES OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CRIMES AND OUTRAGES THAT HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO ITS MEMBERS

By Allen Sangree

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



ON A CERTAIN beautiful evening, in the autumn of a year not long after Napoleon Bonaparte was exiled to St. Helena, Antonio Gallardin sat in front of his little wine-shop in Messina. The end of the street slipped into the Mediterranean, and from his position Gallardin could see the usual crowd gathered at the quay, and beyond that, over the straits, vineyards and orchards sloping down from Calabria's mountains.

As he gazed upon this peaceful scene, the wine merchant was aroused by a light touch on the shoulder, and turned to confront a stranger, dressed something after the manner of a brigand, but bearing the marks of a gentleman.

"What would you?" asked Gallardin, rising and bowing with true Sicilian politeness.

"Only this, Signor Gallardin, a hundred scudi," replied the other with easy assurance.

"By our blessed patroness, St. Rosalia, you're a bold man," said Gallardin angrily, for just below were passing the night watch.

"Bold man for bold deeds," from the other. "Do I get the scudi?"

"Corpo di Baccho, no, you do not!"

"Then you are a dead man, Signor Gallardin. Addio until—" the stranger tapped the hilt of his stiletto and smiled in a way that froze the wine merchant's blood. The same evening two other shopkeepers in Messina were urged to give a hundred scudi upon demand of the "Society," and they, too, refused.

"I have just told your neighbor, Gallardin," said the mysterious agent, in suave tones, "that his decision means certain death. Now, I really don't want to kill you all, but by our holy St. Maria, that's what will happen. Caramba, I go, but I will return!"

Next morning Antonio Gallardin and the two neighbors were found each with a stiletto plunged in his back. Accustomed as they were to pictures of violence, the folk of Messina shuddered with fear as they grouped near by, for upon each corpse was tacked this little legend: "By the hand of the Mafia."

That was nearly one hundred years ago.

The other day—to be more accurate, on the morning of April 14 last—Mrs. Francis Connors, who is employed in a restaurant on the lower East Side of New York, was on her way to buy bread, as she frequently did, at a place on Eleventh Street. Though barely sun-up, New York was already throbbing with life. Down at the corner stood a policeman lightly swinging his club and yawning. A squad of white-clad street-sweepers were chatting noisily at their work. An ocean liner, taking advantage of high tide, was booming a hoarse whistle on her way past the Statue of Liberty. Truck-farmers from Long Island were landing at the ferry with a day's produce for the great city, and through the blackened avenues Elevated trains banged to and fro.

Mrs. Connors was just turning in from Avenue D,

when she noticed a barrel standing beyond the curb "as though it had fallen from a farmer's wagon." On top lay a coat, and that caught the thrifty woman's eye, "for," said she to herself, "it'll make me a fine scrub-rag," so she stepped to the street and took hold of it. Lifting the coat she saw a man's head, covered with blood, and beside it a man's foot, the body doubled up in grotesque fashion, the whole speaking of a diabolical murder. Enough to sicken any one, as it did Mrs. Connors, who screamed, pointed to the barrel and then ran away with her shawl over her head, half fainting.

The policeman ceased twirling his club and walked toward the barrel, briskly, mind you, but not so fast as to shatter his dignity. He went about the gruesome job methodically, observing all the timeworn niceties, not even omitting to touch up an inquisitive street Arab with his night stick.

The report which he subsequently sent in bulged with details. How he summoned a brother officer, telephoned to headquarters, kept back the crowd, noted the body to be still warm, and all that, does not interest us, though, for an ordinary patrolman, it must be said that this policeman noticed a good deal. Among other things he observed that the victim had been stabbed thirteen times in the neck with exactly the same sort of weapon that was used to murder the wine merchant of Messina.

Of course, we do not mean to say that this New York policeman ever heard of Antonio Gallardin. He perhaps could not even point out Messina on the map. But he did know enough of Italy and her people to conclude that the man who was afterward identified as Benedetto Madonia had been slain by his brethren, been done to death by the "Society," and so the good officer added to his report, as a sort of tip for the detectives: "Looks like the hand of the Mafia."

This was not an inspiration. The officer had made the same suggestion on other occasions. Like almost every American citizen who reads, this policeman takes for granted the existence of a Mafia. Since the murder of Chief of Police Hennessy in New Orleans, some twelve years ago, we have seen the word mentioned again and again. It is as well known as an advertisement for breakfast food.

And yet no man, woman or child has come forward with proof that there is or ever was any such society. You will find but little reference to it in history or fiction. The latest dictionary does not even mention the word. Nine Italians out of ten will declare on oath the thing is a myth. In spite of all which Coroner Scholer in New York the other day was compelled to postpone the selecting of a jury in the "barrel case," from the fact that some of the twelve citizens already chosen declined to serve, being terrorized by the "vengeance of the Mafia."

What sort of a dread mysterious organization is it, then, the very name of which can make a strong man tremble? How is it that a society, real enough when it comes to murder, blackmail or vengeance, seems to have no more existence than a rainbow? If there is a Mafia—and you may scarcely find a city, a mining town or a factory village in America where the word is not a symbol for death—why does not the United States Government try to blot it out,

even by taking the extreme measure, if necessary, of stopping all immigration from Sicily and lower Italy?

The facts, meagre as they are, show that, from the day a Mafoosa made his demand of the wine merchant in Messina, the society known as Mafia turned its energies to blackmail. Previous to that it had been a sort of vigilance committee organized to slay brigands and protect property. As one Italian described it to me, the Mafia then might have been called a citizens' union; afterward it degenerated into a Tammany Hall, only far more desperate.

From Sicily the Mafia spread to Calabria in Italy, where it affiliated to some extent with another secret society, the Camorra. Both became such powerful and pernicious factors in the State that an effort, partly successful, was made to suppress them. But though

the societies' political influence might be curtailed, their blackmailing demands grew only the more persistent, and the writer is informed that to-day every importer and exporter in Sicily or Calabria pays his toll to the Mafia much the same as he settles with the collector of taxes.

"There is just as much mystery about this society in Italy," said my informant, "as in the United States. You might live in Palermo or Messina with all your neighbors members of the Mafia, and yet never hear the word mentioned. It is something that no one cares to talk about. We only know that money is extorted right and left, because it is certain death to refuse, and unless these murderers are caught red-handed, they are rarely convicted. A Mafoosa never 'squeals,' as you call it in this country. No more will the relatives of a Mafia victim help the police. If they know the murderer, however, they will bide their time and pay him in his own coin."

The essential idea is opposition to governmental authority, a condition of the spirit. The Mafia itself has no recognized head, no one to give orders or pass judgment. The society includes one or two good men; the great majority are vile. They have an oath, I believe, and certain forms of procedure, for instance, in the choosing of one who is to commit a murder. But for entire secrecy they rely upon each man's hatred for established law and the fear of vengeance."

In connection with this it is interesting to know that there is no such word as Mafia in the Italian or any other language. From two or three sources the writer learned that, according to the Sicilian legend, Mafia is really a cryptogram, each letter representing one word of a five-word oath. The first is mordo, meaning death, and the whole is an oath which obligates the Mafoosa to put to death by "dagger, pistol or fire."

Do not put this aside as being too melodramatic for our prosaic twentieth century. The whole existence of this society, lasting now for one century, is so fraught with picturesque tragedy, that compared with its annals, the most extravagant fiction seems dull. Every enterprise undertaken by the Mafia is out of the ordinary, whether kidnapping, murder, blackmail or counterfeiting. Every man in the order is prepared to fulfil his oath, too, but he demands an even chance.

From a confession alleged to have been made last year by a Mafia prisoner, charged with the killing of Catania in Brooklyn, these murderers are described as deciding who shall put a man to death by the tossing of cards. The elect sit about a table, the cards are shuffled, and one starts to deal. Ace of diamonds is the fatal card, and the man to whom it is dealt is given a certain time within which to accomplish his mission.

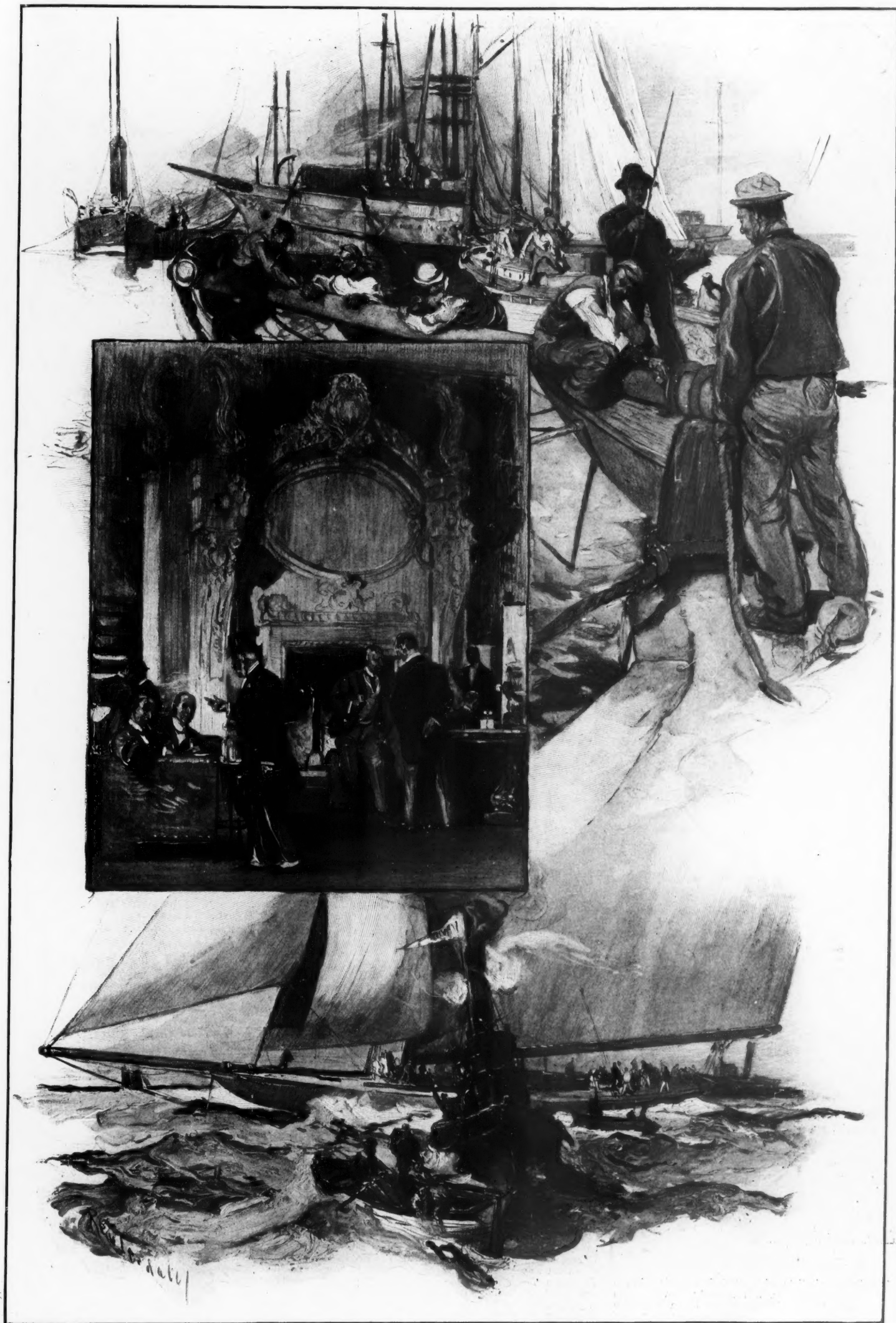
By the account of a Secret Service man who stumbled into a Mafia crowd while looking for Anarchists, the favorite method is what they call "Thirty-three." In this death count the candidates, six, a dozen, or twenty, put both hands on the table, but withdraw whatever



"Pay or you die!"



The Fatal Card



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON

BUSY DAYS IN THE SHIPYARDS OF SOUTH BROOKLYN—A CORNER OF THE MODEL ROOM IN THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—"RELIANCE" OUT FOR A TRIAL SPIN



The daily influx of Italian immigrants

fingers they choose. Each finger is counted, beginning from a certain point, and the owner of finger No. 33 is eliminated. He sits by to see the test narrow down to two persons, one of whom will surely be elected.

Detectives who have had intimate dealings with these cutthroats—dealings that savored not a little of Mafia methods—tell other stories of the society and its mysteries, but they are apparently woven with extravagant romance to such an extent that hardly any one would give them credence. More important for the American to know is that last year there landed on our shores from Italy and Sicily about 225,000 immigrants. During the month of March there passed in one thousand Italians every day. Most all were from the southern part of Italy and Sicily. And it is fair to estimate, at least, one Mafia out of every ten new-comers. What will be the result of this criminal influx after ten years, when several million more will have landed, is a problem for rather serious consideration.

Equipped with citizen papers, these Italian outlaws scatter all through America, Canada and Mexico. Last year, on nearly the same day, their bands murdered a merchant in Brooklyn, burned the house of a fellow countryman in Hazleton, Pa., and kidnapped a rich citizen of the City of Mexico, holding him for \$50,000 ransom. Thus far they have not dared to hold up any person of prominence like Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan, but they may get to it in time.

For the most part their operations are confined to counterfeiting and blackmailing their own countrymen. In pursuance of these crimes, a murder is every now and then committed. The stabbing of Benedetto Madonia is a precise illustration.

This man was associated with a counterfeiting gang that has engaged the efforts of William G. Flynn, Chief of the New York Division of the Secret Service, for more than a year. Madonia's brother-in-law, De Prima, was also of the crowd, but is now serving a four years' sentence in Sing Sing.

There Madonia visited him recently and learned that the \$1,000 raised to help De Prima had been appropriated by the "gang." Enraged at this breach of honor

in the Mafia, Benedetto Madonia came from his home in Buffalo to demand the return of the fund. His wife implored him not to visit New York. But Madonia swore on the brass crucifix about his neck that he would compel the Mafia to accede. The threat he probably used was a promise to betray the whole gang and take his punishment with the rest. So futile was his errand that, but for Secret Service vigilance, it is extremely doubtful whether Madonia's body had ever been identified. If the Mafia is mysterious to the point of uncanniness in its operations, hardly less so are those men employed by the Government to hound its members.

"The moment I had word of this band of Italian counterfeiters," narrated Chief Flynn to the writer, "I put my cleverest men on the trail. They were Americans for the most part who know as much about the Mafia as it is possible for an outsider to learn. They watch them in every State of the Union, dressing as Italians, speaking the dialects fluently and even going so far as to join the bands.

"Two of my men in this way gained the confidence of the man Morello, and the particular set of Mafia working in New York. We learned that the headquarters were at No. 8 Prince Street, No. 228 Elizabeth Street and No. 16 Stanton Street. At this time there was no hint of murder, and we were concerned only in finding persons from whom Morello was receiving the queer money. We had him marked as the man who got counterfeit in bulk from some other band that made it.

"At two o'clock on the day before the murder Madonia turned up. He was a stranger. It was important to keep him in view. He seemed to be on good terms with the counterfeiters and we, therefore, concluded he was the out-of-town agent. I detailed Burns and Henry to keep this man in sight. I supposed he might turn out a rare find.

"And so he was dogged every step until he entered No. 16 Stanton Street, at eight o'clock on the night of April 13. We rested on the case, feeling that a good day's work had been accomplished in spotting the band's outside agent."

That was probably the last seen of Benedetto Madonia alive, by any one excepting the Mafia. Whether the cards were dealt in that squalid butcher shop, and one man, now charged with the crime, got the ace of diamonds or was last counted out in the "Mafia Thirty-three," is not likely to be ever known.

The coincidence of a Secret Service man noticing a covered wagon leaving No. 16 Stanton Street on the morning of the murder, and the fact that the barrel in which Madonia was dumped had been hauled some

distance, aroused the suspicions of Chief Flynn, who immediately communicated with Inspector McClusky.

The Government agents quickly identified the body as that of the counterfeiter whom they had reported as "new-comer." In this way was one murder, at least, quickly laid at the door of the Mafia. This incident only goes to show, however, what little chance there is of stamping out the most dangerous institution that ever took foothold in America. The better class of Italians, professional men, graduates of universities, say that unless we change our police and political systems, or restrict immigration in some way, the Mafia will become a genuine menace to American life.

The Italians pervade nearly every section of the country. They are the most dangerous element that bequeaths to our posterity. They contribute hardly anything to the nation's bone and sinew. They assimilate American doctrines more leisurely than any other class of immigrants. They prefer to remain in ignorance and oppose the Constitution.

The sordid desires of a political boss offer every inducement to those brigands who land by the thousands every month and scatter over the country. The business of getting votes influences a politician, even though he be a shining light in the United States Senate, with the consequence that even Mafia gangs are protected.

This applies to the Kansas village as well as to Cherry Hill, New York, where a law-abiding citizen has just been compelled to close up his grocery store because he refused to give a Mafia agent the sum of \$250. The grocer could not believe that, within a stone's throw of a police station, any "gang" could force him to such an issue.

Two weeks ago he was struck down in broad daylight and nearly killed. The same day his daughter was felled by a black-jack and his clerk violently assaulted. The policeman on beat told the writer that it was useless to make any arrests, as the gang were protected by two powerful political leaders who would not only see that the prisoners were discharged in court, but would also have the officer dismissed from the force.

So far-reaching is the Mafia's red hand that decent Italians have been hounded from one city to another in America, and finally pursued back to the mother country. The most striking case is that of a physician who had been practicing in Chicago for twelve years. One morning he received through the mail a letter written in Gothic characters, asking whether he would rather give up \$2,000 or receive a bullet. He knew instantly what it meant, but held on until his personal friends pleaded with him to leave for the sake of his family.

The physician came to New York hoping to find protection, and his friends there stood by offering him all aid. When several attempts had been made upon Dr. T—'s life, as well as upon members of his family, he could stand it no longer, being a physical wreck, and secretly set sail for Italy.

America is such a vast country that the persecution of an Italian citizen by a foreign society of malefactors may not seem of overwhelming importance. But when that society is being reinforced by constant immigration and shielded by our own political leaders, might not its existence, for the sake of posterity, be made a subject of governmental attention?

Russia's Policy in Manchuria

By Alexis Edrikhine, Political Editor of the "Novoie Vremia"



CERTAIN American newspapers, reaching some very curious conclusions as to the rights of Russia to her newly acquired territory in Manchuria—without proper understanding of the mutual relations of the powers, and forming erroneous views as to their material resources—have expressed the conviction that, should Russia decline to recede from her position, an armed conflict is inevitable. To show the futility of these propositions let me say, at the outset, that, in the unfinished war in the Philippines, which still holds forth menace for the future, you might have learned that, in the words of the Austrian strategist Montecuculi, to make war three things are needed: Money, money and money. And these three things Japan, which is considered Russia's chief opponent, lacks.

Japan too Poor to Fight?

American capitalists, with all their ambitions in the sphere of world-politics, will scarcely provide them for Japan, for the simple reason that Japan is already over head and ears in debt, and the native resources of the country can not guarantee even the interest on her loans. Further, if we come to compare the armed resources of Japan and Russia, one may straightway perceive the utter discrepancy between the two nations. Russia's Pacific squadron is twice as strong as that of Japan. Against the army of invasion which

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Japan is to transport, one knows not exactly how, to a point on the mainland, one knows not exactly where, Russia has on the spot, ready for instant action, two hundred thousand regulars and seventy thousand Cossacks, whose martial qualities are known to others besides the natives of Asia. It is therefore plain that for Japan to declare war against Russia would be to sign her own death warrant.

You may, of course, say that Japan has a trusty ally in England; to this, allow me to reply by the following question: Why was it that, in the preliminary warfare of words which began the Venezuelan dispute, England came forward as valiantly as her allies, while, when the Germans bombarded Fort San Carlos, the English officers went so far as to excuse themselves, in talking to American officers, for having even been present at this spectacle? Personally, I answer the question in this way, that Germany, counting on her allies, England and Italy, was seeking friction with the United States, with a defined determination to bring it about. England, on the other hand, counting on a bluff and on Mr. Hay's sympathies, wished to test the Monroe Doctrine, but reflected that, for the immediate pleasure of joining with Germany in the destruction of the American fleet, she would have to pay by the ultimate loss of

Canada. So England preferred to pay with the sacrifice of her self-respect, which cost nothing.

Now Russia has against England a much weightier argument than even Canada; to wit, India, which yields England a revenue of a billion and a half dollars. On the very frontiers of India stands Russia's Turkestan army, numbering a quarter of a million admirable soldiers, whose mobilization would only take the time to open the envelopes in which their orders and destination are already written. This perpetual threat directed against the most vital point of the British Empire, while it is a constant source of petty irritations, also serves as a most valuable deterrent. England will not declare war against Russia—especially now. If, after the Transvaal war, English consols fell from 113 to 90, that is, 23 per cent—after a war with Russia could she sell them to the German banks for 50 per cent?

What is the "Conflict" to be?

The most warlike of the American papers do not threaten Russia with any adversaries except England and Japan; yet several American dailies, and even statesmen like Senator Beveridge, menace Russia with a "conflict." I must admit that the meaning of this word is not quite clear to me. Does it mean the sending of a diplomatic note, or something else? But my subjective impression is, that the real profit of this conflict will fall to the diplomats of Berlin, who are clearer sighted, and can discern between serious issues and diplomatic trifles.



Colonel Theodore A. Bingham



Colonel Thomas W. Symons

The Lord Great Chamberlain of the Republic

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Great God Success," etc.

IN THE OFFICIAL LISTS he appears as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. In fact, he is "Lord Great Chamberlain" to the President. Ours is in no sense an Anglo-Saxon country, though it is still called so because it was Anglo-Saxon in a limited sense up to the second or third decade of the last century. But it has many curious Anglo-Saxon survivals or engraftings, one of them a passion for giving things misleading names.

Perhaps there was once a Lord Great Chamberlain who was merely Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds at the lower end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But that was a long time ago. For many years the Major of Engineers assigned to that title with the rank and pay of colonel has been actually the chief officer of the President's court, the manager of what might be called his public household. Whenever the President entertains on a grand scale he is obviously in command, directing the ceremonies, superintending the evolutions of his staff of dancing and small-talk army men, overseeing the assiduous of the court retinue of servants. When a new ambassador or other eminent personage, domestic or foreign, arrives, he is the functionary who puts on a gorgeous uniform, drives in state in the President's carriage to the visitor's lodgings, escorts him to the President, introduces him, takes him away and escorts him back to his lodgings. Also he in large measure directs the expenditures from the White House privy purse.

The Written and the Unwritten Law

The Constitution and the Statute Book make no provision for a Lord Great Chamberlain. But constitutions and institutions are vastly different. Half the President's time is given to matters contained or supposed to be contained in the written laws, the other half to things set down in the unwritten laws and nowhere else. When we broke away from Europe and European political and social ideas, we did not get rid of those customs for high executive officers which had been established among us by royal colonial governors.

Thus, the unwritten laws say that the President must have a court just like a king or other royal reigning person. It must be disguised and modified, but it must be the "real thing" in its essence. A court involves a place to hold it, officers to conduct it, an etiquette to guide it and money to keep it going. The written laws provide for a Presidential residence—they permit the President to sit rent-free. That provision readily stretches sufficiently to cover a place to hold court. Again, the written laws permit the President to detach certain public officers for rather indefinite purposes. There you have a Lord Great Chamberlain and a Lord High Steward, etc., provided with comparative ease. As for etiquette, that part of the unwritten law need not be reconciled to written law because etiquette costs nothing but headaches and heartburnings—and the only reason for attempting to reconcile written law and unwritten is, of course, the matter of money expense. Finally, the written laws provide, or can be stretched to provide, the money for all the bigger items of court expenses—furnishings and repairs and alterations, linen, china, flowers, cooks, scullions, butlers, coachmen, footmen, door openers and door closers, card carriers, light, heat, everything except what is eaten and drunk. As yet no way has been found to stretch the written law or the good nature of Congress to cover the court appetite. It must be appeased out of the President's salary.

The Present Lord Great Chamberlain

The most important, though by no means the most expensive, item in the court budget charged against the public, is the Lord Great Chamberlain who conducts the court and executes either directly or indirectly all that pertains to the social side of life at the White House. He is always an officer of engineers. He must be a person of knowledge, of tact, of good appearance. He is at present Colonel Thomas W. Symons, lately appointed to succeed Colonel Bingham, deposed apparently because he forgot that a Lord Great Chamberlain is not sole owner and proprietor of the court but a servant who must obey orders if they come from high enough up.

Lord Great Chamberlain has ever been a distinguished office. It was never so distinguished as now. And, unless there is some sort of extraordinary convulsion and revulsion, it is destined to become almost

eminent. For the White House has entered a new and dazzling period of social splendor which should presently make it as little different from the residence of a monarch as is the Elysée Palace where lives the President of France's imperial democracy.

Mr. Roosevelt's notion of the Presidential office is that it is the centre of authority and also the centre of honor. To erect it into the centre of authority, he has cowed the legislative branch of the Government by winning for himself popular idolatry and by convincing Senators and Representatives that his will is the concentrated essence of the will of the people, to be opposed at the risk of provoking the vengeance of the people; also, he has pushed into such matters as the coal strike, the composition of the family, the principles of militant patriotism, the duty of citizenship, the obligation of the rich to live and to spend wisely. No other President since Jackson has been so directly and obviously the people's representative; and not even Jackson displayed such all-round anxiety for the welfare of the people. Of contemporaneous heads of nations in civilization only the German Emperor approaches him in this respect. The Emperor, thanks to a different political system, is able to surpass him.

But this conception of the President as a centre of political, intellectual and sociological authority is only half of a mighty whole. The other half is his conception of the President as a centre of social honor. Not only must the democratic over-lord, anointed with the divine oil of popular approval, be the embodiment and exponent of the popular will; he must also be the source of honor, the recognizer of merit. Does one sing well? Does one paint well? Does one write well? Does one lead in education or literature or law or sociology or finance or commerce or trade? Is one in the forefront of any sort of useful and broad activity? Then the President of the American people must entertain him, must take his hand in that hand which is a sort of composite of eighty million right hands of fellowship. The approving accents of that voice, whose "De-light-ed!" is the composite of eighty million approving voices, must tickle his ravished ears; he must at the Presidential board eat and drink the composite hospitalities of eighty million dinner or luncheon tables.

The Whole Family Elected to Office

In a real, plain-as-an-old-coat democracy the President would be a business person only, keeping his official life and his social life separate and distinct. The one would be public, the other private. He would have no more to do privately with those with whom he is officially brought into contact than would the head of a big business with his assistants, employees and customers. Social life is in a democratic society altogether of and by the family; and theoretically the President's wife and children, the wives and children of the other public officials, are left in private life when the man of the family takes office. Practically, however, they are all elected, and, if the written law provides no honors for wife and children and other relatives of the successful candidate, unwritten law must be created to repair the grave, the intolerable omission.

Hence the elaborate, the complex, the awe-inspiring system of precedence. Every one, from President and his family and their remotest connection visiting Washington down through all branches of official life to grandniece of the scrubwoman who sees to the basement steps of the smallest public building, has his or her exactly defined and jealously guarded station in the social hierarchy. Naturally the most interesting part of this imposing structure that descends tier on tier from the august and exalted Chief Magistrate is the court—the President, his Cabinet (Cabinet "ministers," to give them the fanciful title they love best), the Ambassadors and ministers and staffs of the various embassies and legations, the families of all these. And this means the White House and the Lord Great Chamberlain—the White House, the stage; the Lord Great Chamberlain, the stage manager.

The White House was always inadequate—it would have been adequate only for carrying out the democratic idea of the Presidential office, the idea set forth in the meagre written laws. For the splendid, imperial-democratic concept of Mr. Roosevelt, the White House was ridiculous. Many a previous President and his wife, conscious of the social possibilities of the Presi-

dential office and yearning to develop them, have sighed over and moaned over and hinted about the petty proportions of the "Executive Mansion." But political timidity restrained them from insisting upon expansion and elaboration. Mr. Roosevelt, confident that the people understood and approved him, and full of enthusiasm for his exalted concept of a new Presidency to suit the new era of the republic, boldly ventured where other Presidents had shrunk back. He demanded adequate quarters for the imperial-democratic court. The result is a new White House, a fit theatre for Mr. Roosevelt's social activities, a fit field for the operations of an energetic and sympathetic Lord Great Chamberlain.

White House,—The National Hotel

Mr. Roosevelt entertains, not occasionally but constantly, not exclusively but democratically, not meagrely but lavishly, not a few score guests but hundreds and thousands. He has a multitude of guests to lunch, a multitude to dine, a multitude to hear music or to take part in various kinds of "drawing-rooms" and levees, a multitude to stay the night under his roof—not a multitude all at one time but a multitude in the aggregate. Rich and poor, snob and democrat, black and white, American and foreigner, capitalist and laborer, Maine woods guide, Western scout, fashionable and frouzy—all equally welcome, all equal at his court. Morgan and Jacob Riis, Countess de Castellan and Booker Washington, Wild Bill and Bishop Potter, Duse and Rough Rider Rob, Will Allen White and a New York cotillion leader. Not long ago when some one said in his hearing, "There's no first-class hotel in Washington," he replied, "You forget the White House." He has made it indeed a national hotel or rather a national assembling place. And he is ever unsatisfied, is ever reaching out for more and more "doers," for more and more people of interest or importance. He wishes all people of mark to bask in the Presidential sunshine, to give him the benefit of their intellect or character or whatever they may have that is worth seeing or hearing. For, he wishes to receive as well as to give. And he is determined that his court shall be entirely and completely representative.

It has been a busy winter for the Lord Great Chamberlain. Next winter will be busier.

The new White House, the social centre of the republic, the fountain of a society that exalts intellect and character above birth and boodle and breeding, is the first step toward an entire new Washington. In every street at all fit for residential purposes great houses are going up for the leisurely rich, and smaller but attractive houses for the leisurely well-to-do. It is obvious to the most casual observer that to-morrow will see a brilliant and attractive and numerous society seated at Washington, a society devoted to art and luxury and entertaining, a very democratic society made up of representatives of all the classes that triumph in a democracy, associating on terms of equality and revolving round the President.

But private enterprise, great though it is and will be, can not compare with the public projects. At the Congressional Library are exhibited models of the Washington the public administration purposes to build, has already begun to build. It will be a city of magnificent boulevards and parks and drives and public buildings and national monuments. It will be probably the most splendid and most beautiful city in the world. And it will preserve the unique and peculiarly attractive quality of the present city—the absence of commerce and commercial talk. It will probably be the one great city on earth where all who are not servants and tradesmen think and talk chiefly politics, literature, art, science—when they are not talking scandal and personal gossip and envying each other's rank or looks or clothes or establishments.

The Cost of Entertaining

Mr. Roosevelt's White House, astounding though it is as a sudden development, is but the crude beginning of this Washington of to-morrow. But it is a beginning—a most audacious move on the part of one of the most audacious men who ever rose to first place in the republic.

This year the White House demand upon Congress for running expenses leaped from the customary \$25,000 to \$60,000. As Mr. Roosevelt's salary is just under a thousand dollars a week and as he evidently believes the people expect the President to spend his salary upon the embellishment of the position, it appears that



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ADVICE TO NO
WHEN SPEAKING TO YOUR FIANCÉE'S FATHER ASSUME AN EAR

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANFORTH



TO NOBLEMEN

ASSUME AN EASY POSTURE AND ADOPT A FRIENDLY MANNER

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

the new White House, the new court, is now on the average costing in the neighborhood of \$2,000 a week, half from the pocket of the people, the other half from Mr. Roosevelt's private pocket. As the heavy expense is crowded into five months of the year—December to April inclusive—the probabilities are that the new White House is costing during the season not far from \$3,000 a week. This means that the new departure has certainly doubled and has perhaps trebled the cost of the White House court—for most Presidents have contributed about half their salary toward holding court and have called on Congress for a supplementary appropriation of \$25,000 a year.

A few years ago such figures as Mr. Roosevelt's would have caused a huge outcry. In every part of the land, in city as well as in country, hands would have been thrown up and "we, the people," would have ejaculated, "Three thousand dollars a week! Mercy on us. The fellow must be crazy. What are we coming to?" But we think in large sums nowadays and the establishments of our multi-millionaires have accustomed us to big expenditures for what were universally regarded as prodigalities less than half a generation ago. Scores of millionaires spend several times \$2,000 a week in "maintaining their dignity." There were some faint, shamefaced mutterings in Congress against the alterations in the White House and

the lively leap of the public share in the expenses, but these mutterings died away instead of growing stronger.

Unless appearances deceive, after a few years, to enable the people to get used to the new ideas, a President will be heartened to call upon the nation for twice sixty thousand a year to be spent in maintaining the Presidential dignity. Less than that will seem shabby in the new Washington under the spell of the new concept of the Presidency as a social font. Simplicity and quiet as a measure of dignity belong to the past. Everywhere money and the spending of money are becoming more and more the measure. Why not at the White House?

The Transformation of the White House

There is not the faintest indication that the Lord Great Chamberlain will preside over a diminished office. Public business in the narrow, strictly legal, old-fashioned democratic sense has now for the first time wholly withdrawn from the White House and is seated in what is derisively and not inaptly called the "Executive hencoop"—a temporary office building near by. The White House has been definitely and apparently permanently transformed into a place devoted to that part of the Presidential office which is not recognized

in written law and which has hitherto been kept in the background. And so rapidly is the White House developing that no one need be astonished if it almost immediately becomes the social Mecca of the whole American people. Any one who has studied the effect of social life upon political life, of social customs upon politics, will appreciate that that transformation would be of profound and far-reaching importance. It would be significant of a new kind of republic, a new kind of democracy on this American continent. It might well mean that the dream of all aggressive, self-aggrandizing office-holders had at last been realized and for the people-ruled public administration contemplated by the fathers and embodied in the Constitution had been substituted a real, a people-ruling government. For more powerful than any written laws are the unwritten laws that bind men in the slowly, noiselessly forged chains of Habit.

And what a busy, big man the Lord Great Chamberlain would be then!

But he would still be called Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, and the Most Puissant Overlord of the Imperial Democracy would still be called President of the United States. And so nobody would in the least mind.

If the waffle is named "Hot Waffle," only a carping, croaking pessimist notes that it is stone cold.

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C L E E V E C O U R T

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch), Author of "The Ship of Stars," Etc. : : Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

Young Walter à Cleeve, who had been detained for some time in France as a prisoner, escapes and reaches Cleeve Court late on an afternoon of the year 1805. He approaches his home by way of the forest and is followed by Jim Burdon, under gamekeeper, who does not recognize his master and thinks the visitor should be watched. In taking a short cut through the woods, Walter slips over a steep rock and falls to a ledge where Charley Hannaford, a poacher, is setting snares. Hannaford, on learning that Walter's presence at Cleeve is not yet known, implies that he will throw him further down the cliff unless he promises not to betray him. Walter, fearing violence, promises to keep the secret, and hastens to his mother. The meeting between Walter and Hannaford had been watched by Burdon.

WELL, THERE was a sort of promise—the boy flushed hotly—"not what you'd call a real promise. The fellow—some sort of prefect in a tricolor sash—had us up in a room before him and gabbled through some form of words that not one of us rightly understood. I heard afterward some pretty stories of this gentleman. He had been a contractor to the late Republic, in horse-forage, and had swindled the Government (people said) to the tune of some millions of francs. A nice sort of man to administer oaths!"

Father Halloran turned impatiently to the window, and, leaning a hand on one of the stone mullions, gazed out upon the small garden. Daylight was failing, and the dusk out there on the few autumn flowers seemed one with the chill shadow touching his hopes and robbing them of color. He shivered; and as with a small shiver men sometimes greet a deadly sickness, so Father Halloran's shiver presaged the doom of a life's work.

The lad had turned to his mother, and went on with a kind of sullen eagerness: "There were sixteen of us, including an English clergyman, his wife and two young children, and a young couple travelling on their honeymoon. It wasn't as if they had taken our word and let us go; they marched us off at once to special quarters—billeted us all in one house, over a green-grocer's shop, with a Government concierge below stairs to keep watch on our going and coming. A roll was called every night at eight—you see, there was no liberty about it. The whole thing was a fraud. Father Halloran may say what he likes, but there are two sides to a bargain; and if one party breaks faith what becomes of the other's promise?"

Mrs. à Cleeve cast a pitiful glance at Father Halloran's back. The priest neither answered nor turned. "Besides, they stole my money. All that father sent passed through the prefect's hands and again through the concierge's; yes, and was handled by half a dozen

other rascals, perhaps, before ever it reached me. They didn't even trouble themselves to hide the cheat. One week I might pick up a whole louis; the next I'd be handed five francs and an odd sou or two, with a grin."

"And all the while your father was sending out your allowance as usual—twenty pounds to reach you on the first of every month—and Dickinson's agents in Paris sending back assurances that it would be transmitted and reach you as surely as if France and England were at peace!"

Father Halloran caught the note of anxious justification in Mrs. à Cleeve's voice, and knew that it was meant for him. He turned now with a half-audible "Pish!" but controlled his features—superfluously, since he stood now with his back to the waning light. "Have you seen him?" he asked abruptly.

"Seen whom?"

"Your father."

"I came around by the east door, meaning to surprise mother. I only arrived here two minutes before you knocked."

"For God's sake answer me 'yes' or 'no,' like a man!" thundered Father Halloran, suddenly giving vent to his anger: as suddenly checking it with a tight curb, he addressed Mrs. à Cleeve. "Your pardon!" said he.

The strong woman almost whimpered. She could not use upon her confessor the card of weak nerves she would have played at once and unhesitatingly upon her husband. "I think you are horribly unjust," she said. "God knows how I have looked forward to this moment: and you are spoiling all! One would say you are not glad to see our boy back!"

The priest ignored the querulous words. "You must see your father at once," he said gravely.

"Of course, if you think it wise—" she began.

"I can not say if it be wise—in your meaning. It is his duty."

"We can go with him—"

"No."

"But we might help to explain?"

Father Halloran looked at her with pity. "I think we have done that too often," he answered.

"You think he will understand?" she asked, clutching at comfort.

"It depends upon what you mean by 'understanding.' It is better that Walter should go: afterward I will speak to him." The priest seemed to hesitate before adding, "He loves the boy. By the way, Walter, you might tell us first how you escaped?"

"The green-grocer's wife helped me," said Walter suddenly. "She had taken a sort of fancy to me, and—she understood the injustice of it better than Father Halloran seems to. She agreed that there was no wrong in escaping. She had a friend at Yvignac, and it was

agreed that I should walk out there early one morning and find a change of clothes ready. The master of the house earned his living by travelling the country with a small wagon of earthenware, and that night he carried me, hidden in the hay among his pitchers and flower-pots, as far as Lamballe. I meant to strike the coast westward, for the road to St. Malo would be searched at once as soon as the concierge reported me as missing. From Lamballe I trudged through St. Brisac to Guingamp, hiding by day and walking by night, and at Guingamp called at the house of an onion-merchant, to whom I had been directed. At this season he works his business by hiring gangs of boys of all ages from fourteen to twenty, marching them down to Paimpol or Morlaix, and shipping them up the coast to sell his onions along the Seine valley, or by another route southward from Étaples and Boulogne. I joined a party of six bound for Morlaix, and tramped all the way in these shoes with a dozen strings of onions slung on a stick across my shoulders. At Morlaix I shipped on a small trader, or so the skipper called it—he was bound, in fact, for Guernsey, and laden down to the bulwarks with kegs of brandy—and at St. Peter's Port he handed me over to the captain of a Cawsand boat, with whom he did business. I'm giving you just the outline, you understand. I have been through some rough adventures in the last two weeks—the lad paused and shivered—"but I don't ask you to think of that. The Cawsand skipper sunk his cargo last night about a mile outside the Rame, and just before daybreak set me ashore in Cawsand village. I have been walking ever since."

Father Halloran stepped to the bell-rope.

"Shall I ring? The boy should drink a glass of wine, I think, and then go to his father without delay."

CHAPTER III

"SO FAR as I understand your story, sir, it leaves me with but one course. You will go at once to your room for the night, where a meal shall be sent to you. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning you will be ready to drive with me to Plymouth, where, doubtless, I shall discover, from the Officer Commanding, the promptest way of returning you to Dinan."

The Squire spoke slowly, resting his elbow on the library table and shading his eyes with his palm, under which, however, they looked out with fiery directness at Walter, standing upright before him.

The boy's face went white before his brain grasped the sentence. His first sense was of utter helplessness, almost of betrayal. From the day of his escape he had been conscious of a weak spot in his story. To himself he could justify his conduct throughout, and by dint of

rehearsing over and over again the pros and contras, always as an advocate for the defence, had persuaded himself at times that every sensible person must agree with him. What consideration, to begin with, could any of the English *détenués* owe to Bonaparte, who, by detaining them, had broken the good faith between nations? Promises, again, are not unconditional; they hold so long as he to whom they are given abides by his counter-obligations, stated or implied: Walter had a score of good arguments to satisfy himself. Nevertheless he had felt that they would need to be well presented to satisfy his father. He had counted on his mother's help and Father Halloran's. Why, for the first time in his life, had these two deserted him? Never in the same degree had he wanted their protection. His mind groped in a void. He felt horribly alone.

And yet, while he sought for reason against this sentence, he knew the real reason to be that he could not face it. He hated suffering; a world which demanded suffering of him was wholly detestable, irrational, monstrous: he desired no more to do with it. What had he done to be used so? He knew himself for a harmless fellow, wishing hurt to no man. Then why on earth could he not be let alone? He had never asked to be born: he had no wish to live at all, if living involved all this misery. It had been bad enough in Dinan before his escape: but to tread back that weary road in proclaimed dishonor, exposed to contemptuous eyes at every halting-place, and to take up the burden again plus the shame—it was unthinkable; and he came near to a hysterical laugh at the command. He felt as a horse might feel when spurred up to a fence which it can not face and foresees it must refuse at the last moment.

"Return—return to Dinan?" he echoed, his white lips shaking on each word.

"Certainly you will return to Dinan. For God's sake—" The Squire checked himself, and his tenderness swelled suddenly above his scorn. He rose from the table, stepped to the boy, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Walter," he said, "we have somehow managed to make a mess of it. You have behaved disreputably; and if the blame of it, starting from somewhere in the past, lies at your mother's door or mine, we must sorrowfully beg your pardon. The thing is done: it is irreparable, but only through your suffering. You are the last à Cleeve, and with all our faults we à Cleeves have lived cleanly and honorably. Be a man: take up this burden which I impose and redeem your honor. For your mother's sake and mine I could ask it: but how can we separate ourselves from you? Look in my face. Are there no traces in it of these last two years? Boy, boy, you have not been the only one to suffer! If our suffering more could help you, would it not be given? But a man's honor lies ultimately in his own hands. Go, lad—endure what you must—and God support you with the thought that we are taking pride in you!"

"It will kill me!" The lad blurted it out with a sob. His father's hand dropped from his shoulder.

"Are you incapable of understanding that it might be worse?" he asked coldly; and turned his back in despair.

Walter went out unsteadily, fumbling his way.

The Squire dined alone that night; and after dinner sat long alone before his library fire—how long he scarcely knew—but Narracott, the butler, had put up the bolts and retired, leaving only the staircase-lantern burning, when Father Halloran knocked at the library door and was bidden to enter.

"I wished to speak with you about Walter; to learn your decision," he explained.

"You have not seen him?"

"Not since he came to explain himself."

"He is in his room, I believe. He is to be ready at eight to-morrow to start with me for Plymouth."

"I looked for that decision," said the priest, after a moment's silence.

"Would you have suggested another?" The question came sharp and stern; but a moment later the Squire mollified it, turning to the priest and looking him straight in the eyes. "Excuse me; I am sure you would not."

"I thank you," was the answer. "No: since I have leave to say so, I think you have taken the only right course."

The two men still faced one another. Fate had made them antagonists in this house, and the antagonism had lasted over many years. But no petulant word had ever broken down the barrier of courtesy between them: each knew the other to be a gentleman.

"Father Halloran," said the Squire gravely, "I will confess to you that I have been tempted. If I could honestly have spared the lad—"

"I know," said the priest, and nodded while Mr. à Cleeve seemed to search for a word. "If any sacrifice of your own could stand for payment, you could have offered it, sir."

"What I fear most is that it may kill his mother." The Squire said it musingly, but his voice held a question.

"She will suffer." The priest pondered his opinion as he gave it, and his words came irregularly by twos and threes. "It may be hard—for some while—to make her see the necessity. Women fight for their own by instinct—right or wrong, they do not ask themselves. If you reason they will seize upon any sophistry to confute you—to persuade themselves. Doubtless the in-

stinct comes from God; but to men, sometimes, it makes them seem quite unscrupulous."

"We have built much upon Walter. If our hopes have come down with a crash we must rebuild, and build them better. I think that, for the future, we must consult one another and make allowances. The fact is, I am asking you—as it were—to make terms with me over the lad. 'A house divided,' you know. . . let us have an end of divisions. I am feeling terribly old to-night."

The priest met his gaze frankly, and had half extended his hand, when a sudden sound arrested him—a sound at which the eyes of both men widened with surprise and their lips were parted—the sharp report of a gun. Not until it shattered the silence of the woods around Cleeve Court could you have been aware how deep the silence had lain. Its echoes banged from side to side of the valley, and in the midst of their reverberation a second gun rang out.

"The mischief!" exclaimed the Squire. "That means poachers, or I'm a Dutchman. Macklin's in trouble. Will you come?" He stepped quickly to the door. "Where did you fix the sound? Somewhere up the valley, near the White Rock, eh?"

Father Halloran's face was white as a ghost's. "It— it was outside the house," he stammered.

"Outside? What the deuce— Of course it was outside!" He paused, and seemed to read the priest's thought. "Oh, for God's sake, man—" Hurrying into the passage, and along it to the hall, he called up, "Walter! Walter!" from the foot of the staircase. "There, you see!" he muttered, as Walter's voice answered from above.

But almost on the instant a woman's voice took up the cry. "Walter! What has happened to Walter?" and as her son stepped out upon the landing Mrs. à Cleeve came tottering through the corridor leading to her rooms: came in disarray, a dressing-gown hastily caught about her, and a wisp of gray hair straggling across her shoulder. Catching sight of Walter, she almost fell into his arms.

"Thank God! Thank God you are safe!"

"But what on earth is the matter?" demanded Walter, scarcely yet aroused from the torpor of his private misery.

"Poachers, no doubt," his father answered. "Macklin has been warning me of this for some time. Take your mother back to her room. There is no cause for alarm, Lucetta—if the affair were serious, we should have heard more guns before this—you had best return to bed at once. When I learn what has happened, I will bring you word."

He strode away down the lower corridor, calling as he went to Narracott, the butler, to fetch a lantern and unbolt the hall-door, and entered the gun-room with Father Halloran at his heels.

"I can not ask you to take a hand in this," he said, finding his favorite gun and noiselessly disengaging it from the rack, pitch dark though the room was.



"Hannaford and that long-legged boy of his. Macklin's up a-top keeping watch, sir"

"I may go so far as to carry a spare weapon for you, I hope?"

"Ah, you will go with me! Thank you: I shall be glad of some one to carry the lantern. We may have to do some scrambling: Narracott is infirm, and Roger"—this was the footman—"is a chicken-hearted fellow, I suspect."

The two men went back armed to the hall, where Father Halloran in silence took the lantern from the butler. Then they stepped out into the night.

Masses of cloud obscured the stars, and they went forward into a wall of darkness which the rays of the priest's lantern pierced for a few yards ahead. Here in the valley the night air lay stagnant: scarcely a leaf rustled; their ears caught no sound but that of the brook alongside which they mounted the valley.

"Better set down the lantern and stand wide of it," said the Squire, as they reached the foot of the White Rock gully. "If they are armed, and mean business, we are only offering them a shot." He paused at the sound of a quick, light footstep behind him, not many paces away, and wheeled about. "Who's there?" he challenged in a low, firm voice.

"It's I, father," Walter, also with a gun under his arm, came forward and halted in the outer ring of light.

"H'm," the Squire muttered testily. "Better you were in bed, I should say. This may be a whole night's business, and you have a long journey before you to-morrow."

The boy's face was white: he seemed to shiver at his father's words, and Father Halloran, accustomed to read his face, saw, or thought he saw, years afterward told himself that he saw—a hunted, desperate look in it, as of one who forces himself into the company he most dreads rather than remain alone with his own thoughts. And yet, whenever he remembered this look, always he remembered too that the lad's jaw had closed obstinately, as though upon a resolve long in making but made at last.

But as the three stood there a soft whistle sounded from the bushes across the gully, and Jim Burdon pushed a ghostly face into the penumbra.

"Is that you, sir? Then we'll have them for sure."

"Who is it, Jim?"

"Hannaford and that long-legged boy of his. Macklin's up a-top keeping watch, sir. I've winged one of 'em, can't be sure which. If you and his Reverence—"

Jim paused suddenly, with his eyes on the half-lit figure of Walter à Cleeve; recognizing him not only as his young master, supposed to be in France, but as the stranger he had seen that afternoon talking with Hannaford. For Walter had changed only his sabots.

The Squire saw and interpreted his dismay. "Go on, man," he said hoarsely; "it's no ghost."

Jim's face cleared. "Your servant, Mr. Walter! A rum mistake I made then, this afternoon; but it's all right, as things turn out. They're both hereabout, sir—somewhere on the face of the rock—and the one of 'em hurt, I reckon. Macklin'll keep the top: there's no way off the west side; and if you and his Reverence'll work up along the gully here while I try up the face, we'll have the pair for a certainty. Better douse the light, though I've a bull's-eye here that'll search every foot of the way, and they haven't a gun."

"That's right enough," the Squire answered; "but it's foolishness to douse the light. We'll set it up on the stones here, at the mouth of the gully, while Walter and I work up to the left of the gully and you up the rock. It will light up their only bolt-hole; and if you, Father Halloran, will keep an eye on it from the bushes here, you will have light enough to see their faces to swear by, before they reach it. No need to shoot: only keep your eyes open before they come abreast of it: for they'll make for it at once, to kick it over, if they risk a bolt this way—which I doubt."

"Why not let me try up the gully between you and Jim?" Walter suggested.

His father considered a moment. "Very well, I'll flank you on the left up the hedge; and Jim will take the rock. You're pretty sure they're there, Jim?"

"I'd put a year's wages on it," answered Jim.

So the three began their climb. At his post below, Father Halloran judged from the pace at which Walter started that he would soon lead the others; for Jim had a climb to negotiate which was none too easy by daylight, and the Squire must fetch a considerable detour before he struck the hedge, along which, moreover, he would be impeded by brambles and undergrowth. He saw this, but it was too late to call a warning.

Walter, beyond reach of the lantern's rays, ascended silently enough, but at a gathering pace. He forgot the necessity of keeping in line. It did not occur to him that his father must be dropping far behind; rather, his presence seemed beside him, inexorable, dogging him with the morrow's unthinkable compulsion. What mad adventure was this? Here he was, at home, hunting Charley Hannaford. Well, but his father was close at hand, and Father Halloran just below, who had always protected him. At this game he could go on forever, if only it would stave off to-morrow. To-morrow—

A couple of lithe arms went about him in the darkness. A voice spoke hoarse and quick in his ear—spoke, though for the moment he was chiefly aware of its hot breath.

"Broke your word, did ye? Set them on to us, you blasted young sprig! Look'ee here—I've a knife to your ribs, and you can't use your gun. Stand still while my boy skims across, or I'll cut your white heart out. . . ."

Walter à Cleeve stood still. He felt, rather than heard, a figure limp by and steal across the gully. A slight sound of a little loose earth dribbling reached him a moment later from the opposite bank of the gully. Then, after a long pause, the arms about him relaxed. Charles Hannaford was gone.

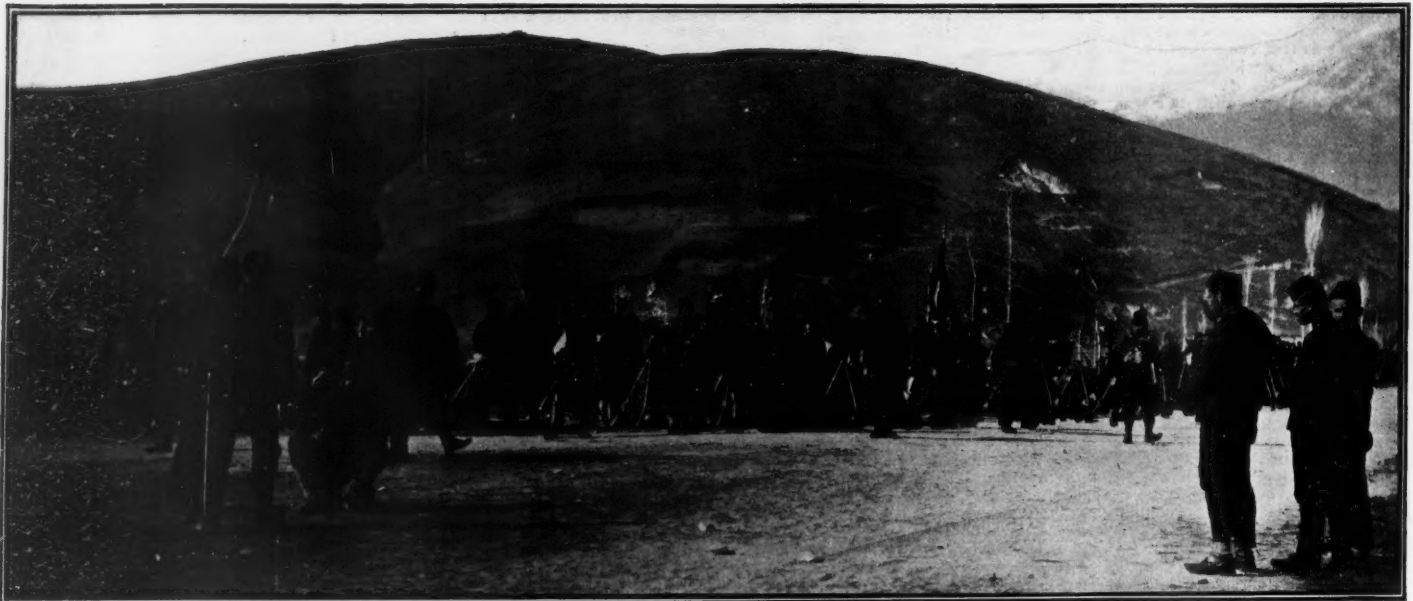
Still Walter à Cleeve did not move. He stared up into the wall of darkness on his left, wondering stupidly why his father did not shoot.

Then he put out his hand; it encountered a bramble bush.

He drew a long spray of the bramble toward him, fingering it very carefully, following the spines of its curved prickles, and, having found its leafy end, drew it meditatively through the trigger-guard of his gun.

The countryside scoffed at the finding of the coroner's jury that the last heir of the à Cleeves had met his death by misadventure. Shortly after the inquest Charley Hannaford disappeared with his family, and this lent color to their gossip. But Jim Burdon, who had been the first to arrive on the scene, told his plain tale, and, for the rest, kept his counsel. And so did Father Halloran and the Squire.

THE END



A TURKISH REGIMENT RESTING ON THE MARCH FROM SALONIKA TO USKUB



THE VILLAGE GUARD AT PRILIP



A CAVALRY PATROL NEAR THE BULGARIAN FRONTIER



A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY MARCHING OUT OF MITROVI1ZA

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE TURKISH ARMY IN MACEDONIA

(See Opposite Page)

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The Balkan War Cloud

FOR NEARLY a year Turkey has been pouring troops into the Balkan region to put down lawlessness, amounting to insurrection and almost open rebellion, and to institute administrative reforms which Russia and Austria have insisted upon. Early in May Turkey will have about 250,000 troops in Macedonia and Albania, and many will be on the Bulgarian frontier.

Really a state of war exists in Macedonia and Albania, instigated, it is charged, largely by Bulgarians. Oppression of the Christians is the ostensible cause of the beginning of the troubles. Macedonia really wants to be free from Turkey. Albania, with its system of chief-rule, doesn't want reforms. Both are governed by Turkey. Bulgaria, under the nominal control of Turkey, but really independent of her, wants Turkey out of the Balkan Peninsula, or at least complete freedom.

Still further to complicate the situation is Russia's ever-persistent desire to get an excuse for swooping down on Constantinople. It is to beat Russia at this game that Turkey has responded promptly to the demands to quell the uprisings, and that for once in his life the Sultan is playing honestly the reformer's rôle, and is sending the flower of his army to the Balkans to accomplish it.

The present trouble began early in 1892. The Macedonian committee wanted reforms in government similar to those the island of Crete enjoyed. They complained that Christians were killed or treated brutally, especially by the Albanians to the west of them. Macedonia is largely Christian, and Russia urged the Sultan to mitigate the almost unbearable sufferings of the Christians there. Austria joined in the request and notified the insurrectionary provinces that no rebellion amounting to a disturbance of the present political situation would be tolerated.

The Austrian Government also notified the Sultan that reforms, based on humanity and justice solely, must be undertaken. Cruelty and pillaging and massacre, Austria said, would not be tolerated.

In September last Bulgarians living in the vilayet or province of Monastir in Macedonia arose. Turkish troops shot them down right and left. Turkey accused Bulgaria of stirring up the trouble. Bulgaria denied it and asked the leading governments to make Turkey grant reforms. At once what might be called guerilla fighting began. It has continued ever since. Villages have been burned and massacres have been numerous; at times as many as two hundred men have been killed.

Turkey is trying to checkmate any future move against her by Russia. The Macedonian troubles may even have been instigated by the Sultan so as to make a show of playing the reformer. The Macedonians, on the other hand, may have killed off the Christians themselves to get Russia mixed up in the matter, to help them secure their freedom. The reforms that the Sultan insists upon are that Christians shall be protected, that a Turkish gendarmerie shall police Macedonia and Albania, that the civil tribunals shall be half Christian and half Moslem; that Turkish inspector-generals and commissions of control shall rule.

Turkey's army is one of the best-equipped and best-drilled in the world. The fact that the Turk is still in Europe, despite centuries of effort to oust him, proves this. The regular army consists of 700,000 men. With the reserves it amounts to 1,500,000 men. What it can do was shown in its masterly work in the recent war with Greece. Fanaticism is the inspiration of every man in it.

The great political danger now is that the Bulgarian frontier may be crossed by the Turks. That would bring Russia actively into the situation, as soon as the troubles in China were disposed of.

The novel point in the Balkan situation is that the Sultan is really trying to institute necessary political reforms in Macedonia, which really wants, as for four hundred years she has wanted, independence, and into Albania, which wants to be let alone; and all this ostensibly is in behalf of more humane and more just treatment of Christians. Truly, a marvellous change since the Armenians were massacred by the hundreds and thousands a few years ago!

The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH is a department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY which distributes monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$329.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash. The prizes in the May contest will be awarded for the best and most helpful answers to the following questions:

1. Which of the five numbers published in May do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which advertisement in the five numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you think needs improvement, and how?
8. Which feature of the Household Number for June (issue of May 30) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
9. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking, and why?
10. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?

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By Alexander Hume Ford

AMERICAN COMMERCE, after a period of foreign expansion that astonished our citizens fully as much as it startled those of European countries, suddenly finds itself face to face with toppling exports. Not only is there an almost unprecedented falling off of orders for machinery from Europe, but we are once more importing pig iron instead of sending it abroad. This becomes possible again in our history because our marvelous prosperity abroad was caused largely by the re-equipment of the factories, foundries, mines and machine shops with American machinery, enabling Europe to-day to manufacture cheaply American tools and commodities, even to our name plates on implements of all kinds, equal in every respect to the original article which they now supplant everywhere, because owing to our lack of foreign banking facilities and lax methods of business in securing and holding foreign trade, we fail to hold against those who have enabled to compete with us for the markets of the world.

American Shoes "Made in England"

The American manufacturer of machinery seemingly has no fellow feeling for the Yankee maker of commodities. Entire shoemaking plants are sent to England for installation, and leased on royalty to the British manufacturer, and so popular is the American "boot," as it is called abroad, that the Yankee manufacturer of shoemaking machinery is successful in compelling the British shoemaker to abolish all other machinery from his factory. These American shoe plants in Great Britain, being much nearer the Continental market than our own, are successfully competing in many quarters where "American shoes" (made in England) are becoming quite as popular as the genuine article.

When America began to lay down tools in Vladivostok and Port Arthur for the Russian Government, at a less price than it cost to manufacture the same articles in Germany, there was an immediate overhauling of German machine shops, and while the process of re-equipment with American installations progressed, our exports of machinery increased by leaps and bounds. Now, however, it is Germany that lays down tools in the Far East at the price it costs us to manufacture them, and we are doing the overhauling and installation of new machinery to compete with our machinery in German workshops. The days of our "commercial walkover" have passed. We did wake Europe up and she now fights us with our own weapons.

Russia Uses American Implements

The largest turning lathes in the world are those used by the Russian Government for boring cannon and turning propeller shafts for her war vessels. They were made to order in America, no other country being able to take so large a contract in lathes. Now much of the machinery we would otherwise sell to the Russian Government is turned out in the imperial workshops with American tools and appliances. Furthermore, the Russian Government sends periodically to America to inspect our workshops and import from us any piece of machinery likely to make her more independent of the outside world.

The history of American air-brakes in Russia aptly illustrates the methods resorted to by that country to throw off the yoke of foreign commercial domination. The contract for equipping every Government freight and passenger car was given to the American company only on condition that a branch factory should be built at St. Petersburg. This was the beginning of the American colony on a large scale in the Russian capital. At first the rough castings were imported from America to be finished in Russia, but the Government intimated that it would be to the interest of the company to instruct Russian workmen and bring from America the mechanical equipment necessary for the entire process, and it has been done.

Yankee Works on the Volga

The Russians are not merchants; they are either peasants or soldiers. To this day the merchant class is German, but Germany is a rival military power, and hence the desire of the Czar to place great enterprises in his empire in the hands of Americans, who can have no other than a commercial interest in his domain. American equipment in the locomotive works on the Volga, directed by an American superintendent, turns out some five hundred engines annually, but as this is several hundred short of the number required, the Government is quite ready to provide an extensive land grant on the line

of the Trans-Siberian Railway, besides guaranteeing an annual order for three hundred locomotives to any American locomotive construction company establishing branch works in Russia.

Yankee Stills and Mills in Manchuria

Americans have sought to introduce the modern flour mill into Manchuria, but the Government still contracts with Yankee firms to feed its army in the Far East with American flour. In fact, for many years to come Manchuria, Eastern Siberia and Corea should be the Mecca for American exports of food-stuff, for both Japan and Russia are pouring millions in money into these regions besides sending tens of thousands of peasants and artisans annually to develop the land. There is no time for the erection of factories; and, in fact, besides the flour mills the only other American experiment of the kind in Manchuria was a whiskey still. It is barely possible that a unique combination of the two might work well together and bring back to the South Amur region the thousands of peasants who have deserted their fields because of the heavy mists that ferment the grain in the ear, the bread made from grain in that region causing a mild form of intoxication. Could some keen Yankee inventor combine a flour mill and still that would produce real "drunken bread" instead of the "mild intoxication" so disheartening to the Russian peasant, who is too often a habitual drunkard, many fortunes might be made in this kind of American machinery.

American Shipyards in Japan

America no longer builds ships for Japan. Just across from her beautiful city in the harbor of Nagasaki is a modern shipyard and up-to-date machine shops, equipped all with American machinery and under the direct supervision of a Scotch-American manager. Here 6,000-ton merchant vessels are built and equipped with machinery. Several vessels completed here already run to our Pacific coast and the Philippines, and another line, the steamers of which are building at these Japanese-American works, will ply between our southern ports and Osaka, carrying cotton from the very doors of our own cotton mills to the doors of those we have equipped with machinery in Japan, the finished products of which must compete with American cottons in the Far East. This is arming our friend the enemy with a vengeance.

It is an ill wind that blows good to no one. Our manufacturers now, awake to the fact that they have equipped Europe with installations as perfect as any in America, are thoroughly overhauling their own workshops, so that notwithstanding the falling off in our foreign export trade, domestic orders promise to keep our great steel industries at high pressure for months to come filling domestic orders and preparing America for her next conflict with the world for commercial supremacy abroad. We are now merely enjoying a breathing spell while the steel barons put new rivets in our armor between the rounds.

Our Place in the Universe

By Garrett P. Serviss

SOME of the scientific papers have lately been handing about a small nut with a hard, forbidding shell, which, nevertheless, contains a very tidbit of interesting information when opened. It is Dr. Elkin's latest list of parallaxes of the ten brightest stars in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, measured with the heliometer of the Yale Observatory. Nothing could appear more hopelessly cryptic than this quizzical little table of Greek letters, Latin genitives and decimal fractions to any one who does not hold the key to it, but really it is as rich in disclosures as a Babylonian cylinder when you know how to decipher it.

The parallax of a star, let us remind ourselves in order to clear the way, is the measure of the shift in the apparent position of the star produced by viewing it alternately from opposite sides of the earth's orbit. Since the diameter of that orbit is 186,000,000 miles, it would seem that the stars ought to shift their places a great deal when looked at first from one, and then from the other end, of so enormous a base line, but in truth, their remoteness is so immense that their shifting is one of the slightest, most elusive, and most difficult things that astronomers have to deal with.

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"A friend recommended the food as one which her own delicate children had grown strong upon so I purchased a box—as a last resort. In a very short time a marked change in both health and disposition was seen. What made our case easy was that she liked it at once and its crisp, nutty flavor has made it an immediate favorite with the most fastidious in our family.

"Its use seems to be thoroughly established in western New York where many friends use it regularly. I have noticed its fine effects upon the intellects as well as the bodies of those who use it. We owe it much." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

actual distance of the stars, and we have to make the best of it. So, as Dr. Elkin, and a few other astronomers engaged in this fascinating research, whose object is to tell us where we really are in the universe, ride round the sun, borne by the circling earth, they keep their eyes upon certain stars, and, with the aid of wonderfully delicate instruments, ascertain how much those stars are displaced by their (the astronomers') annual change of position. Having ascertained this, it is easy to calculate the distance of the stars in question.

There are, all told, perhaps five hundred million, perhaps a thousand million, stars, but only three or four dozen have been found that are near enough to show any change of place at all! They are, so to speak, the beacons on the nearer shoals of the ocean of immensity.

Now, Dr. Elkin's measurements, as already remarked, relate to the ten brightest stars that we can see, and which we should naturally expect to be the nearest ones. The first star on his list is Aldebaran, the ruddy brilliant that glows in the eye of the celestial bull, Taurus. Its parallax is not quite eleven one-hundredths of a second of arc, which, being interpreted, means that the distance of Aldebaran, in round numbers (for in this calculation it is not worth while to bother about such trifles as hundreds of millions) is 175,000,000,000 miles. This is almost 100,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth.

Even the astronomer is troubled in handling such figures, and accordingly he has invented a more convenient standard of measurement for star distances than the mile, and he calls this new standard a "light-year," being the distance that light, travelling 186,000 miles in a second, can go in one year. Expressed in this way, the distance of Aldebaran is thirty light-years. In other words, light takes thirty years to cross the gap between Aldebaran and the earth.

Distances of the Stars

Examining the other star parallaxes in the table, we find that Capella, the very beautiful white star in Auriga, overhead in mid-winter evenings, is forty light-years distant. Betelgeuse, the blazing topaz on Orion's shoulder, is 136 light-years away; Regulus, in the Lion's heart, is at the same distance; Arcturus, the star whose praise appears in the Book of Job, and which glows at the zenith during the early evenings of June, is 125 light-years distant, and so on.

Even more startling than their immense distance, is another fact about these stars, which the measurement of their parallax enables us to ascertain. We can now calculate how much greater they are than the sun. Aldebaran gives forth nearly fifty times as much light as the sun does. This means that if we were as near to Aldebaran as we are to the sun its light would appear to us fifty-fold more intense than that of our orb of day. But Betelgeuse, Regulus and Arcturus each exceeds the sun a thousand times!

There are three other bright stars, whose distance is so great that neither Dr. Elkin nor any other investigator has succeeded in measuring it, whose tremendous size and power stagger the imagination. They are Rigel in Orion, Canopus in the ship Argo, and Denib in the Northern Cross. Basing his calculation on their stellar magnitude and their probable distance, Professor Newcomb avers that each of these great stars exceeds the sun in luminous power at least 10,000 and possibly 100,000 times! Remembering this, one can not look at those stars without a thrill of wonder and almost of fear.

"13" and the White House

TO THOSE who are influenced by the old superstition of sitting down to table thirteen in number, an invitation from the President to dine at the White House off the new State service of china, manufactured by the famous firm of Wedgwood, may well be looked at askance. Whether intentionally or by accident, the mystic number is curiously repeated in the crest, and even in the transaction by which the service was ordered. Any one who visits the St. Louis Exposition may observe the former, as the service is to be placed there on view. To begin with, there are, of course, thirteen stars and thirteen bars in the shield, representing the original thirteen States of the Union. In one claw the eagle grasps thirteen bolts, and in the other an olive branch upon which there are thirteen leaves and thirteen berries. The pinions of the eagle, too, have thirteen feathers, and it will be found that there are thirteen letters in the motto "E Pluribus Unum." Further, there are thirteen letters in the Christian names of the President and his wife—Theodore and Annie—and thirteen letters also in Staffordshire, the county in England in which the Wedgwood ware is manufactured, but perhaps the most significant fact of all in this respect is, that the service was delivered on Friday the 13th of February of this year.

Under these circumstances it would seem to require only a party of thirteen to make any one sensitive of such matters search his mind diligently for an excuse to absent himself from the table.

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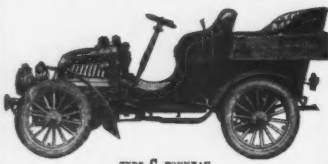
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Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer A RAILROAD YARN By Herbert E. Hamblen

TOM CUMMINS had been ten days at
"the other end of the division," push-
ing stalled freights over the hill, double-
heading passenger trains through snowdrifts,
etc.; wrecking, off the track, floundering in
the snow with jacks and wheel-trackers, and
then thawing out damply in the engine cab.
He had lived on boarding-house sandwiches,
devoid of butter or mustard, and occasionally
grubbed on the mysteries at the railroad
restaurant. By way of sleep, he had had
short spells of hectic coma in the hot and
stuffy bunk-room, pieced out with cat-naps,
doubled up on the cab seat in sidings, while
waiting for delayed passenger trains.

As a result, he had acquired an acute dys-
pepsia, a severe cold with rheumatic varia-
tions, a varnish-like coating of grime and
grease, an overwhelming desire for sleep,
and a case of homesickness that was simply
unendurable.

He had reported all manner of things the
matter with his engine, hoping to be ordered
home for repairing; but "the ol' man" ob-
served that her wheels still turned.

He had written on the engine-house regis-
ter: "Don't call me until I've had eight hours'
sleep," although he was thoroughly aware of
the futility of it.

He glanced at his watch as he stretched
out on the malodorous bunk cushion; it was
7:57. He didn't believe he had been asleep
yet, when his stertorous snoring was inter-
rupted by the caller:

"Hey, Cummins, Fourteen's two hours
late. You're to go down with the first
section."

Heavens, what a snap! It was the first
time he ever had caught it. The ol' man
must have relented at last. To go over the
division in three hours, with four empty
coaches—and home!

When he got to the junction he telegraphed
his wife: "Will be home in an hour—starved."

He whistled coming through the cut, and
Helen was on the lookout. When he regis-
tered this time, he wrote:

"Engineer Cummins dead; decomposition
set in—don't call me for twelve hours;" and
he gave them a work report that should have
kept the engine in the shop for twice that
time.

Helen had a warm bath ready, and, once
more clean, shaved and in his right mind, he
wrought havoc among the bacon and eggs,
and did justice to her buckwheat cakes and
honey. Then, with little Billy on his knee,
he smoked his sweet old briar-root to the
very dregs in undisturbed bliss; but clean
sheets and downy pillows invited him. As
Helen closed the shutters, drew the shades
and imprinted a warm good-night kiss on his
lips, he murmured sleepily:

"If the caller comes, scold him."
"I'll do better, dear. I'll leave Tige loose
in the yard, and Billy and I'll go visiting all
day; then I'm sure you won't be disturbed."

Once he awoke, but there were lances of
daylight under the shades, so he rolled
over again, grunting contentedly. He awoke
again, to find it pitch dark. Some one was
tapping at the kitchen door, and he listened
in vain for his wife's footsteps; she had not
come home yet. While wondering how the
visitor had escaped the vigilance of Tige,
and debating whether to get up or not, the
door opened with a slight crash.

In an instant he was out of bed. The sil-
ver set he had given Helen at Christmas, the
pride and joy of her wifely heart, was on the
dining-room sideboard. Quietly he tiptoed
downstairs. He could see nothing, but he
sensed a presence. The dining-room door
was open, and he crept silently in, edging
away from the door at once. As he strained
to catch a definite sound, he bethought him
of his defencelessness. A savage boot-heel
on his bare toes would render him *hors
de combat*. He became confused and lost
his bearings. He could not now find the
door if he wanted to—but there was the
table. He felt that the intruder was edging
toward him. Carefully, and with quaking
heart, he crawled under the table, hugged the
centre leg and tried to think what to do next.

The fellow was behind him now, and he
thought of dodging back again, but a strong
hand gripped his collar, there was a blinding
flash and:

"Hey, Cummins, git up'n git the snow-plow.
Hurry up, now, they're waitin' for ye."

He blinked stupidly at the caller's ill-smell-
ing lantern, held within an inch of his nose
for a well-defined purpose. Despite its glare,
the bunk-room surroundings forced them-
selves upon his attention. "What time is
it?" he asked vaguely.

Time being a prime factor in railroad-
ing, this question issues, parrot-like, from the lips
of the semi-comatose.

"8:17."
He pondered this information dumbly
awhile, then asked: "A.M. or P.M.?"

"P.M., ye old fool; what do ye think?"

It was the caller's mission to wake them,
and experience had taught him that nothing
was more effective than insolence. In this
instance it aroused Cummins sufficiently to
enable him to make a simple mathematical
calculation. Raising his eyes for the first
time to the caller's face, he asked: "Have I
been asleep only ten minutes, then?"

"That's about all."

Tom Cummins reached angrily for his boot,
but already the door was slamming behind
the sophisticated caller.



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THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the year 1602 Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva to study. He takes lodgings with Madame Roy-aume, a bedridden invalid, and eventually becomes her daughter Anne's accepted lover and protector. One of his fellow tenants is the scientist Basterga, the Duke of Savoy's secret agent for the violent acquisition of Geneva. Basterga offers the Syndic Blondel, who is afflicted with an incurable complaint, a precious potion good for all mortal ills, as a bribe for the betrayal of the city. But the Syndic, having been charged by the Council with watching the suspected scientist, attempts to obtain the medicine by stealth. Anne, becoming innocently involved in this scheme, discovers the nature of the medicine and gives it to her mother. Basterga assures Blondel that the stolen philtre is not the great remedy, but both are so incensed against mother and daughter that they threaten to accuse them of witchcraft.

CHAPTER XIX

The Departure of the Rats

THE WOOD-ASH on the hearth had sunk lower and grown whiter, the last flame that had aspired to the black sides of the great pot had died down among the expiring embers, only under the largest log glowed a tiny cavern, carbuncle-hued, and still Claude walked restlessly from the window to the door, or listened with a frowning face at the foot of the stairs. One hour, two hours had passed since the Syndic's departure with Basterga, and still Anne remained with her mother and made no sign. Once, spurred by anxiety and the thought that he might be of use, he had taken on himself to mount and seek her; but half way up his courage had failed; he had recoiled from a scene so tender, so sacred. He had descended and fallen again to moving to and fro, and listening, and staring remorsefully at the weapon—it lay where he had dropped it, on the floor—that had failed him at need.

By and by—he had their threats in his ears—the horror of inaction, of sitting still as he was sitting and awaiting the worst with folded hands, overcame him, and in a panic—planning flight for them all; flight, however hopeless, however desperate—he hurried into his bed-chamber, and began to pack his possessions. He packed impulsively until even the fat textbooks bulged in his bundle, and the folly of flying for life with a Caesar and a Melanchthon on his back struck him. Then he turned all out again on the floor in fear lest she should surprise him, and think that he had in his mind to desert her.

Back he went on that to the living-room with its dying fire and lengthening shadows, and resumed his solitary pacing. The room lay silent, and the house, and the rampart without, which the biting wind kept clear of passers. He tried to reason on the position, to settle what would happen, what Basterga and Blondel would do, how the blow they threatened would fall. Would the officers of the Syndic enter and seize the two helpless women, and drag them to the guard-house? And in that case, what should he do, what could he do, since it was most unlikely that he would be allowed to go with them or see them? Awhile the desperate notion of bolting and barring the house and holding it against the law entered his mind, but only to be as quickly dismissed. He was not yet mad enough for that. In the meantime was there any one to whom he could appeal? Any course he could adopt?

The sound of the latch rising in its socket drew his eyes to the outer door. It opened; he saw Louis Gentilis on the threshold. Holding the door half-open, the young man peered doubtfully in. Meeting Claude's eyes, he looked round, as if to seek the protection of Anne's presence, and, failing to find her, he made for an instant as if he would shut the door again, and go. Apparently, however—perhaps because he saw that Claude, thoroughly dispirited, was making no motion to carry out his threats of vengeance—he thought better of it, and, coming slowly in, he closed the door after him.

Turning his cap in his hand, he crossed the floor, and, with his eyes slyly fixed on Claude, made without a word for his bed-chamber, entered it, and closed the door gently behind him.

His silence was strange, and something in his furtive look and his manner impressed Claude unpleasantly. All this seemed to mask a meaning and imply a knowledge that boded no good; nor was the impression they had made weakened when, two minutes later, the closet-door opened again and he came out.

"What is it?" Claude said, speaking pretty sharply. He was not going to put up with mystery of this sort.

For answer Louis's eyes met his a moment; then the young man, still without speaking, slid across the room to a chair on which lay a book. He took up the volume—it was his; after another glance which slyly deprecated Claude's wrath, he took further stock of the room. He discovered another possession—or so it seemed—approached it and took seizin of it in the same dumb way; and so with another and another. Then, blinking and looking askance, he passed his

eyes from side to side to learn if he had overlooked anything. By this time Claude's patience, though prolonged by curiosity, was now at an end. He took one step forward, and had the satisfaction of seeing Louis drop his air of mystery and recoil two paces. "If you don't speak," Claude cried, "I will break every bone in your body! Do you hear, you sneaking rogue? Do you forget that you are in my debt already? Tell me in two words what this dumb show means, or I will have payment for all!"

Master Louis winced, divided between the desire to flee and the fear of losing his property. "You will be foolish if you make any fuss here," he said, his arm half raised to ward off a blow. "Besides, I am going," he continued, swallowing nervously as he spoke. "Let me go."

"Going?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean," Claude exclaimed in astonishment, "that you are going for good?"

"Yes, and—" with a look of sinister meaning in his blinking eyes, "if you'll take my advice, you will go, too. That is all."

"Why? Why?" Claude repeated.

Louis's only answer was a shudder, real or affected, which told Claude that if the other did not know all he knew much. Dismayed and confounded, Claude stepped back, and with a secret grin of satisfaction Louis turned again to his task of searching the room. He seemed to find at last that for which he had been looking—his cloak. Disentangling it with a peculiar look from a woman's hood, contact with which he avoided with scrupulous care, he cast it over his arm, and quickly got back into his closet. Claude heard him moving there awhile, and presently he emerged a second time.

Precisely as he did so, Claude heard a light footstep on the stairs, the stair-door opened, and Anne, her face white but composed, came in. Her first glance chanced to fall on Louis, who with his sack and cloak on his arm was in the act of closing the closet door. Habit carried her second look to the hearth.

"You have let the fire go out," she said. And then, turning to Louis, in a voice free from any trace of emotion, "You are going?" she continued.

He muttered that he was, his face a strange medley of fear and spite, and shame and shrinking.

She nodded, but to Claude's astonishment answered nothing and expressed no surprise. Meanwhile, Louis, after

her, and the day was beginning to wane. The flame of the blazing fire-cones a hundred times reflected in the rows of pewter plates, and the surface of the old oaken dressers left the corners of the room in shadow. Immediately within the windows the daylight held its own; but when she rose and turned to him her back was toward them and the dancing firelight that lit up her face flickered uncertainly and left him in doubt whether she were moved or not.

"You have eaten nothing!" she said—while he stood pondering what she would say, what he should say. "And it is four o'clock! I am sorry!" Her tone, which took shame to herself, gave him a new surprise.

He stopped her as she turned to the dresser. "She is better, I hope?" he said gently.

"She is herself again now," she replied, with a slight quaver and without looking at him. And she went about her work.

Did she know? Did she understand? In his world was only one fact, in his mind only one tremendous overpowering thought: the fact of their position, the thought of their isolation, of their peril. In her treatment of Louis she had seemed to show knowledge and a comprehension as wide as his own. But if she knew all, could she be thus calm? Could she go about her daily tasks with that weight on her mind? Could she cut and lay and fetch with busy fingers and all in silence?

He thought not; and though he longed to consult her, to assure her and comfort her—to tell her that the very isolation, the very peril in which they stood, were a happiness and a joy to him, whatever the issue, because he shared them with her—he would not, by reason of the doubt. He did not yet know the courage that underlies the gentlest and the purest natures; nor did he guess that even as it was a joy to him to be beside her in peril, so it was a joy to her, even in that hour, to come and go for him, to cut his bread and lay for him, to draw his wine from the great cask under the stairs, and pour for him in the tall horn mug.

And little said. By him, because he shrank from opening her eyes to the danger of their position; by her because her mind was full and she could not trust herself to speak calmly. But he knew that she, too, had fasted since morning, and he made her eat with him; and it was in the thoughts of each that they had never eaten together before; for commonly Anne took her meals with her mother, or ate as the women of her time often did, standing, alone, when others had finished. There are moments when the simplest things put on the beauty and significance of rites; and this first eating together at the one small table on the fire-lit hearth was one of them. He saw that she did eat, and this care for her, and the reverence of his manner, so moved her that at last tears rose and choked her; and to give her time and to hide his own feelings he rose and affected to get something from the fireside.

At that moment the latch rattled, the door opened, and a freezing draught entered, arresting him midway between the table and the fire. The intruder was Grio. He stood an instant scowling in, then entered and closed the door noisily. He eyed the two with a sneering laugh, and, turning, flung his cloak on a chair. It was ill-aimed and fell to the ground.

"Why the devil don't you light?" he cried. "Eh?" And he added something in which the words "Old hag's devilry!" were alone audible. "Do you hear?" he continued more coherently. "Why don't you light? What black games are you playing? I want my things!"

Claude's fingers tingled, but danger and responsibility are wondrous teachers and he restrained himself. Neither of them answered, but Anne fetched the lamp and, kindling a splinter of wood, lighted it and placed it on the table. Then, bringing the Spaniard's rushlight from the three or four that stood on the dresser, she lighted it and held it out to him.

"Set it down!" he said, with a tipsy insolence. He was not quite sober. "Set it down! I am not going to—hic!—risk my salvation! Awaunt, Satan! It is possible to palm the evil one—like a card I am told, and—hic!—soul lost easy as candle goes out!"

He had taken his candle with an unsteady hand, and had blown it out. She restrained Claude by a look, and, patiently taking the rushlight from Grio, relit it and set it on the table for him to take.

"As a candle goes out!" he repeated, eying it with drunken wisdom. "Candle out, devil in, soul lost, there you have it in three words—clever as any of your long-winded preachers! But I want my things. I'm going before it is too late. Advise you to go, too, young man," he hiccupped, "before you are overlooked. She is a witch! She's the devil's mark on her—I tell you! I'd like to have the finding it!" And with an ugly leer he advanced a step as if he would lay hands on her. She shrank back then, and Claude's eyes blazed. Fortunately the bully's mind passed to the first object of his coming, or perhaps he was still sober enough to read a warning in the younger man's face.

"Oh, time enough," he said. "You are not so nice always, I'll be bound. And things come—hic—to those who wait! I don't belong to your Sabbaths, I suppose, or you'd be freer! But I want my things, and I am going to have them! I defy thee, Satan!"

Still growling under his breath, he burst open the staircase door and stumbled noisily upward, the light wavering in his



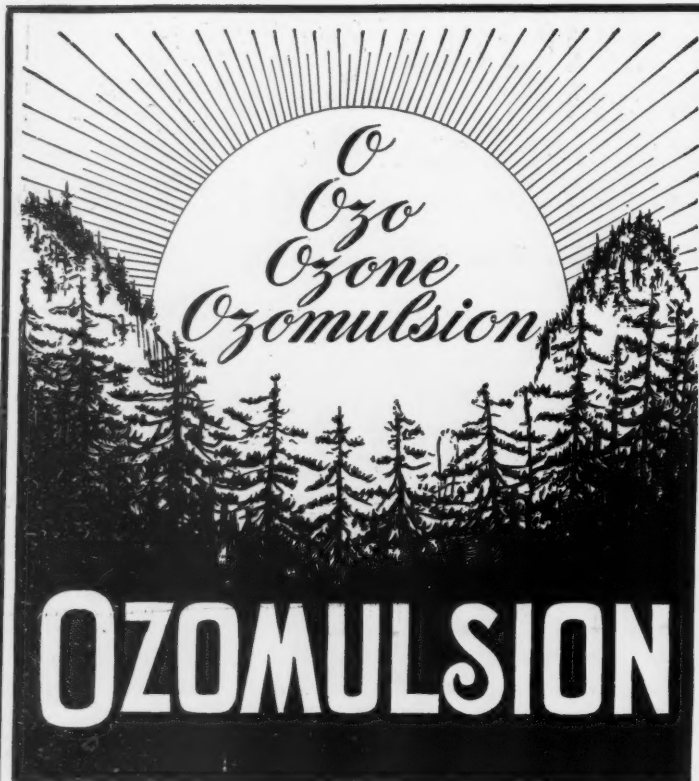
He made, with two fingers, the ancient sign used to ward off the evil eye

dropping first his cloak and then his sack, in his ungainly haste to be gone, shuffled his way to the door. The two looked on, without moving or speaking, while he opened it, carried out his bag and, turning about, closed the door upon himself. They heard his footsteps move away.

At last Claude spoke. "The rats, I see, are leaving," he muttered.

"Yes, the rats!" she echoed, and carried for a moment her eyes to his. Then she knelt down on the hearth, and, uncovering the under side of the log where a little fire still smouldered, she fed it with two or three fire-cones, and stooping low blew steadily on them until they caught fire and blazed. He stood looking down at her and her work, marvelling at the strength of mind that allowed her to stoop to trifles, or to think of fires at such a time as this; forgetting that habit is of all stays the strongest, and that to women a thousand trifles make up—God reward them for it—the work of life: a work which instinct moves them to pursue, though the heavens fall.

Hours had elapsed since he had entered hot-foot to see



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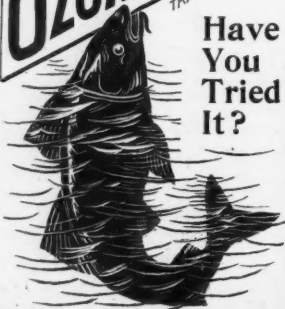
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hand. Anne's eyes followed him anxiously—she had advanced to the foot of the stairs, and Claude understood the apprehension that held her. But the sounds did not penetrate to the room on the upper floor, or Madame Royaume did not take alarm; perhaps she slept. And after assuring herself that Grio had entered his room, the girl returned to the table.

The Spaniard had spoken with brutal plainness; it was impossible to ignore what he had said, or to be under any further illusion as to the girl's knowledge of her peril. Claude's eyes met hers, and for a moment the anguished human soul peered through the mask of constancy, for a moment the woman in her shrinking from the ordeal and the fire, from shame and death, thrust aside the veil and held out quivering piteous hands to him. But it was for a moment only. Before he could speak she was brave as before, quiet as he had ever seen her, patient, mistress of herself. "It is as you said," she muttered, smiling wanly, "the rats are leaving us."

"Vermin!" he whispered. He could not trust himself to say more. His voice shook and his eyes were full.

"They have not lost time," she continued in a low tone. She did not cease to listen, nor did her eyes leave the staircase door. "Louis first and now Grio. How has it reached them so quickly, do you think?"

"Louis is hand and glove with the Syndic."

"And Grio?"

"With Basterga."

She nodded thoughtfully. "What do you think they will do?" she whispered. And again—it went to his heart—the woman's face, distorted and fear-drawn, showed as it were beneath the mask with which love and faith and a noble resignation had armed her. "Do you think that they will denounce us at once?"

He shook his head in sheer hopelessness; in sheer inability to foresee anything, and then, seeing that she continued to look anxiously for his answer—that answer which he knew to be of no value, for minute by minute the sense of their helplessness was weighing upon him—"It may be," he muttered. "God knows. When Grio is gone we will talk about it."

She began, but always with a listening ear, and an eye to the open door, to remove the scanty remains of their meal from the table. Midway in her task, she looked askance at the window, under the impression that some one had looked through it, and in any case now the lamp was lit it exposed them to the curiosity of the rampart. She was going to close the shutters when Claude interposed, raised the heavy shutters and bolted and barred them. He was turning from them again when Grio's heavy step was heard descending.

Strange to say, the Spaniard's first glance was at the windows, and he looked genuinely taken aback when he saw that they were closed. "Why the devil did you shut?" he exclaimed wrathfully, and, passing Anne with a sidelong movement, he flung a heavy bundle on the floor. As he turned to go up again he met her eyes, and, backing from her, made with two of his fingers the ancient sign which southern peoples still use to ward off the evil eye. Then, not satisfied with this, he crossed himself, and half shamefacedly, half recklessly, blundered upstairs again. A moment, and he came stumbling down, but this time he was careful to keep the great bundle he bore between himself and her eyes, until he had got the door open.

That precaution taken, as if he thought the free cold air which entered would protect him from spells, he seemed more at his ease, threw down his bundle and faced her with an air of bravado.

"I need not have feared," he said with a tipsy grin, "for I have a hocus-pocus here—" he touched his breast, "written by a wise man in Ravenna, and sealed with a dead Goth's hand, that is proof against devil or dam! And I defy thee, mistress."

"Why?" she cried. "Why?" And the note of indignation in her voice, the pose of her head, the passionate challenge of her eyes, enforced the question. In the human mind is a desire for justice that will not be denied, and even from the drunken ruffian a sudden impulse bade her demand it. "Why should you defy me, or fear me? What have I done to you, what have I done to any one," she continued with waxing resentment, "that you should spread this of me? You have eaten and drunk at my hand a hundred times; have I poisoned or injured you? I have looked at you a hundred times; have I overlooked you? You have lain down under this roof night by night a hundred times; have I harmed you sleeping or waking, full moon or no moon?"

For answer he leered at her slyly. "Not a whit," he said. "No."

"No?" Her color rose.

"No, but you see," with a grin, "it never leaves me, my girl." He touched his breast.

"While I wear that—"

She gasped. "Do you mean—" she began. "I do not know what you would have done—but for that!" he retorted. "Maimed me or wizened me, perhaps! Or may be made me waste away as you did the child that died three doors away last Sunday!"

Her face changed slowly, became fixed. Prepared as she had been for the worst, prepared by many an hour of vigil beside her mother's bed with the sound of her ravings in her ears, and discovery hard upon her, the horror of a precise accusation—and such an accusation—overcame her. "What?" she cried, "you dare to say that I—that I—"

But her eyes lightened, her form dilated, with passion, and tipsy, ignorant, brutish as he was, the Spaniard could not be blind to the indignation, the outraged innocence, the very astonishment, which stopped her breath and choked her utterance. At the sight some touch of shame, some touch of pity, made itself felt in the dull recesses even of

that brain. "I don't say it," he muttered awkwardly. "It is what they are saying in the street."

"In the street?"

"Ay, where else?" He knew who said it, for he knew whence his orders came; but he was not going to tell her. Yet the spark of kindness which she had kindled still lived—how could it be otherwise in presence of her youth and gentleness?—and, "If you'll take my advice," he continued roughly, "you'll not show yourself in the streets unless you wish to be mishandled, my girl. It will be time enough when the time comes. Even now, if you left your old witch of a mother and got good protection, there is no knowing but—you might be got clear! You are a fair bit of red and white, and it is not far to Savoy!" with a grin. "Will you come if I risk it?"

A gesture, half refusal, half loathing, answered him.

"Oh, very well," he said. The short-lived fit of pity passed from him and he scowled. "You'll think differently when they have the handling of you. I'm glad to be going, for where there's one fire there's apt to be more, and I am a Christian, no matter who's not! Let who will burn. I don't!"

He picked up one bundle, and, carrying it out, raised his voice. A man, who seemingly had shrunk from entering the house, showed his face for an instant in the light which streamed from the door. To this fellow he gave one bundle, and, shouldering the other, went heavily out, leaving the door wide open behind him.

Claude strode to it and closed it angrily; but not so quickly that he had not a glimpse in the act of three or four pairs of eyes staring in out of the darkness; eyes so curious, so fearful, so quickly and noiselessly withdrawn—for even while he turned they were gone—that he went back to the hearth with a shiver of apprehension.

Fortunately she had not seen them. She stood where he had left her, in the same attitude of amazement into which Grio's accusation had cast her. As she met his gaze, then at last she melted. The lamplight showed her eyes brimming over with tears—tears of rage; her lips quivered, her breast heaved with the gathering storm of resentment.

"How dare they say it?" she cried. "How dare they? That I—should harm a child? A helpless child?" And, unable to complete the sentence or to go on, she held out protesting hands to him. "And my mother? My poor mother, who never injured any one or harmed a hair of any one's head! That she—that they should say—that of her! That they should set that—to her! But I will go now!" (Looking round for her hood in a sudden awakening to action.) "Now, this instant, to the mother! She will hear me! She will know and believe me! A mother? Yes, I will go now!"

"Not now," he said. "Anne. Listen!"

"Yes, now," she persisted, deaf to his voice. And she snatched up the hood from the ground on which it had fallen and began to put it on.

He seized her arm. "No, not now," he said firmly. "You shall not go now. Wait until daylight. She will listen to you more coolly then."

She resisted him. "Why?" she said.

"I am sure of it," he urged. "People fancy things at night. I know it is so. If she saw you enter out of the darkness—" the girl with her burning tears, her wet eyes, her disordered hair looked wild enough—"she might refuse to believe you. Besides—"

"What?"

"I will not have you go now," he said firmly; that instant it had flashed upon him that one of the faces he had seen outside was the face of the dead child's mother! "I will not let you go," he repeated. "Go in the daylight. Go to-morrow morning." He did not choose to tell her that he feared for her instant, immediate safety, if she went now; and that if he had his will the streets would see her no more.

She gave way. She took off her hood and laid it on the table. But for several minutes she stood, brooding darkly and stormily, her hands fingering the strings. To foresee is not always to be forearmed. She had lived for many months in daily and hourly expectation of the blow which had now fallen; but not the more easily for that could she brook the concrete charge. Her heart burned, her soul was on fire. Justice, give us justice though the heavens fall, is an instinct planted deep in man's nature! Of the Mysterious Passion of our Lord our finite minds find no part worse than the anguish of innocence, condemned. A child? She to hurt a child? And her mother? Her mother so harmless, so ignorant, so tormented! She—to hurt a child?

After a time, nevertheless, the storm began to subside. But with it died much of that hope which is inherent in revolt, and in proportion as she grew more calm the true hopelessness of her situation rose more clearly before her. That had happened at last which she had so long expected to happen. The thing was known. Soon the full consequences would be upon her; the consequences on which she dared not dwell. Shudderingly she tried to close her eyes to the things that might be before her, to the things at which Grio had hinted, the things of which she had lain thinking—even while they were distant and uncertain—through many a night of bitter fear and fevered looking forward.

They were at hand now, and though she averted her thoughts she knew it. But the wind is tempered to the shorn. Even as the prospect of ill to come sometimes dominates the present, imbitters the sweetest cup and renders thorny the softest bed, so sometimes present good has the power to obscure and block out the future ill. As Anne sank back on the settle, her trembling limbs almost declining to bear her, her eyes fell on her companion. Failing to rouse her, he had seated himself on the other side of the hearth, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands, in an attitude of deep thought. And little by



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I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 521, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

little as she looked at him, her cheeks grew, if not red, less pale, her eyes lost their tense and hopeless gaze. She heaved a quivering sigh, and slowly carried her look round the room.

Its homely comfort, augmented by the hour and the firelight, seemed to lap them round. The door was locked, the shutters were closed, the lamp burned cheerfully. And he sat opposite—sat as if they had been long married. The color grew deeper in her face as she gazed; she breathed more quickly, her eyes shone with a gentle radiance. What evil can not be softened, what misfortune can not be lightened to a woman by the knowledge that she is loved by the man she loves? That when all have fled he remains, and that neither fear of death nor word of man can keep him from her side?

Looking up at last, he caught the look on her face—the look that a woman bestows on one man only in her life. In a moment he was on his knees beside her, holding her hands, covering them with kisses, vowing to save her, to save her—or to die with her!

(To be continued)

Giant Among Ships

IN MARCH of this year the two largest steamships ever, until then, constructed in America, were launched on the Delaware and turned over to a transpacific steamship company for service on its San Francisco-Hong Kong line. In April the largest steamship ever built anywhere in the world was launched at New London, Conn., and she, too, is destined to aid in the advancement of our Oriental trade.

So rapidly has our trade with the Far East grown within the last decade, that two Japanese and several American companies are spending millions upon millions in their efforts to outdo each other in the construction of the most capacious carriers. Japan set the pace by laying keels for half a dozen 6,000-ton vessels destined for transpacific trade; the Pacific Mail followed suit with the *Korea*, the *Siberia*, the *Minchanka* and the *Minnetonka*, of double the capacity of the Japanese boats, and the Great Northern Company immediately raised the capacity of its proposed vessels from 10,000 to 28,000 tons. It was the *Minnesota* of this line that was launched at New London, to be followed in sixty days by her sister ship, the *Dakota*.

The carrying capacity of the *Minnesota* makes the *Cæsar*, the *Oceanic* and the *Cymric* of the Atlantic fleets appear lilliputian by comparison, for either of the Great Northern boats will carry one-third more freight than could any vessel that has ever crossed the Atlantic.

If mere figures can give any idea of the immensity of this new American triumph of shipbuilding, it may be stated that the length of the *Minnesota* or the *Dakota* is 630 feet, or somewhat more than three New York city blocks; width 74 feet, depth 57 feet, while the extreme load displacement is 38,000 tons. About 28,000 tons of steel was used in the construction of the vessels, and 40 miles of wire is needed for the installation of electrical equipment; for these typically American examples of modern shipbuilding will be loaded and unloaded by electricity, the furnaces will be fed with coal by electric conveyors, perishable goods will be kept at a temperature of zero by means of electric refrigerators, and a model laundry will be operated by electric machinery—in fact, except for revolving the double screws that send the vessels through the waters of the Pacific at a speed of fourteen knots an hour, every piece of machinery aboard will be operated by electricity.

There will be five continuous decks from stem to stern, besides three other decks, making eight in all. There will be room for 3,000 passengers, or in time of war, a capacity for ten full regiments. Besides passengers and live stock, these vessels will carry each about 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. To haul this amount of grain across the continent a train seven miles in length would be necessary, while for both passengers and freight nearly 3,000 cars, or 150 trains of twenty cars each, would be brought into requisition to transport a full ship's load.

When, next year, these newest leviathans ply between Seattle and the Far East, a mighty influence will begin, not only to shape anew the possibilities of Pacific commerce, but to revolutionize methods of railway traffic in the United States. Already freight cars of a tonnage capacity three times greater than any ever placed on an American railway are in course of construction, and will be used to economically transport freight across the continent for these monster pioneers of the great Pacific trade.

Freight rates, it is promised, will be cut in two, so that no European nation need hope to compete with us in the Orient. That smaller vessels will be unable to compete with these vast carriers is demonstrated by the fact that although Japan gives large subsidies, and the Japanese pay their sailors less than one-tenth the wages of American sailors, not even the new 6,000-ton boats will be able to carry freight profitably in competition with the American Pacific liners. With both our transcontinental railways ending at San Francisco and Seattle, building the largest steamships in the world, and the Trans-Siberian preparing to follow suit, it seems inevitable that the day of great achievements must soon set upon the Atlantic to dawn again upon the waters of the Pacific, tributary to the shores of which live nearly a billion human beings who are rapidly learning to feed on our Western flour, clothe themselves in Southern cottons and utilize the inventions of the Northern Yankee.



More and More People are Demanding Pure Beer

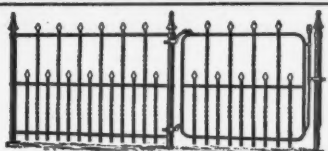
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We will give you a beer made from the best materials grown. We will brew it in absolute cleanliness. We will get our water from six wells, bored to rock. We will filter all the air that touches it. We will age it for months so it cannot cause biliousness. We will sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

We will double, in these ways, the necessary cost of our brewing. Yet Schlitz Beer shall cost you just what the common beer costs. Will you try it?

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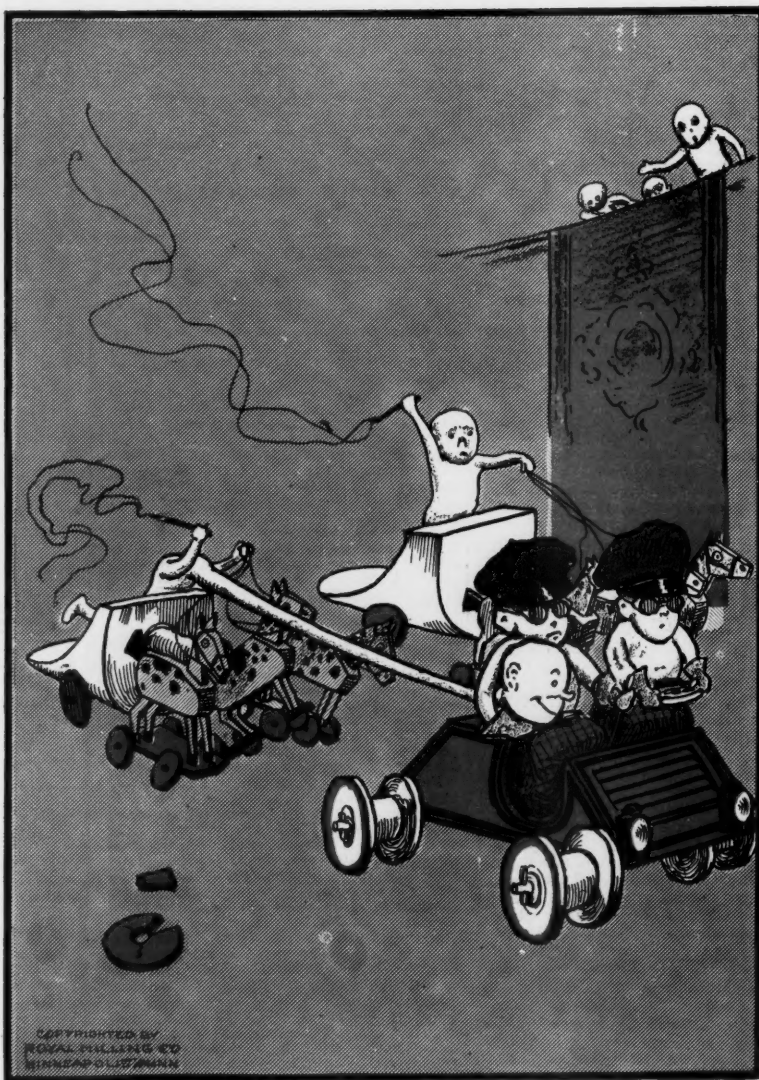
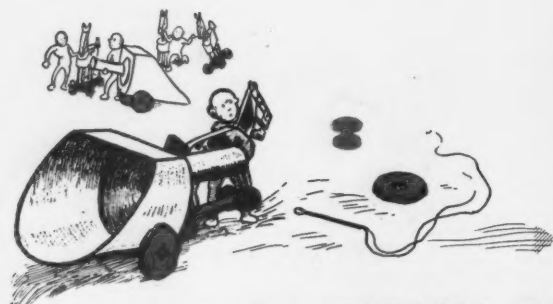
THE DOUGH BOYS CHARIOT RACE.

The sportive Dough Boys planned a race
Their nimble steeds to try;
For they enjoyed a track event
As well as you or I.
The day had come, the track was fine,
No clouds hung o'er the sky.

Their horses were but wooden toys:
You might have thought them slow,
For you have really, truly nags
Which can like lightning go.
But wooden horses are the things
For little boys of dough.

Each charioteer made up his mind
That he would not be last.
Clang! Clang! rang out the starter's bell,
Off sped the racers fast;
When, like a streak, a spool-mobile
With Dough Boys two whizzed past.

The hindmost racer saw a chance
To have a bit of fun.
Beneath the "chuffer's" arm he tucked
His head, as by they spun.
Out stretched his neck across the line—
Thus, "by a neck" he won.



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MENTION THIS PAPER.